

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,
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Single Numbers of *THE LIVING AGE*, 18 cents.

"THE NEW WILLIAM TELL."

THE call-bell has rung, and the curtain will rise,
And the boxes are full and the people applaud
The girl who plays there, in a page's disguise,
(More red for her lips, she is tired,) Clapped, sneered at, run after, admired.
"The New William Tell" is the name of the play,
A capital farce, as the newspapers say.

One scene, and her work will be over. She stands
Full in the glare of the flickering light.
It falls on her hair, and the ball in her hands,
Her lover is playing the hero to-night.
She smiles as he asks, "Are you ready?"
"Ay, sweetheart," she answers, "aim steady."
And this is the very last night of the play,
And he is a capital shot, as they say.

She smiles as she waits, for her thoughts have gone back
To a meadow all bright in a gay summer noon,
To a day when he came down the narrow green track,
And they met at the white gate, a year gone next June.
Sweet the scent of the ruddy clover!
Would that the evening's work were over!
Oh, steady! hold steady! Ah! how the lights sway!
The best of the farce is the end of the play.

They are clapping her now as she raises the ball;
A hiss! Did he start? But the smoke comes between,
And the crowd hear the shot, and the crowd see her fall,
But the curtain rings down for the last final scene,
Ah, close in his arms she is lying,
She smiles as he kisses her, dying.
"The New William Tell" is the name of the play,
A capital farce, as the newspapers say.

SIR HENRY TAYLOR.

A WINTER LESSON.

WHEN winter lays her spell on glade and glen
Till every tree is shivering, and the springs
Are robbed of all their melody, and when
Not one poor solitary robin sings,
There is a fountain flowing, even then,
Deep in the rock, hard by the haunts of men.
The frost is always powerless to reach
Its hidden pulses, and it seems to teach

To eyes that see it—that the lives we keep
Are deep, or shallow, and the chilling touch
Of sorrow harms not those whose springs
are deep,
For they are patient and can suffer much;
And though the storm be long and fierce
and hard,
They fail not—for they have their own reward.

J. T. BURTON WOLLASTON.
Cassell's Magazine.

WE take the following amusing plea for book-buying, by Marc Monier, from *Notes and Queries* :—

LE LIBRAIRE AUX CHALANDS.

Pour faire un livre, ami lecteur,
Il faut un auteur ; à l'auteur,
S'il veut dîner à la fourchette,
Il faut un libraire-éditeur ;
A l'éditeur, fût-il Hachette,
Il faut avant tout l'acheteur :
Achète donc, lecteur, achète !
Comme l'auteur sans l'éditeur,
Comme le livre sans l'auteur,
Ainsi le lecteur sans le livre
N'existe pas.—Si tu veux vivre,
Achète et paie, ami lecteur !

GALES.

AN UNPARLIAMENTARY RONDEAU.

GALES, with your hails of hats, and other tiles,
Your whirling windows and your flying shutters,
Your playing *pile ou face* with ancient piles,
Your rocking rooftrees, and your roaring gutters ;
At least there is more wholesome heart than art in
Your boisterous play with leaves, and stones,
and sails,
Gamesters who go in for no false Saint Martin—

Gales !

But, ah, those other gales the season ushers
In, hybrid hurricanes mixed up with fogs,
Storms that hurt heads, not hats, uproarious crushers
Of truths, not trees—of logic, not of logs !
Ah, teacup tempests, shadowy, shambling, shabby,
Here how the emptiest winds, the vainest wails,—
The People's Servants' Hall, Westminster
Abi—

Gails !

Punch.

From The Nineteenth Century.
ON THE INSPIRATION OF SCRIPTURE.
BY CARDINAL NEWMAN.

1. IT has lately been asked what answer do we Catholics give to the allegation urged against us by men of the day, to the effect that we demand of our converts an assent to views and interpretations of Scripture which modern science and historical research have utterly discredited.

As this alleged obligation is confidently maintained against us, and with an array of instances in support of it, I think it should be either denied or defended; and the best mode perhaps of doing whether the one or the other, will be, instead of merely dealing with the particular instances adduced in proof, to state what we really do hold as regards Holy Scripture, and what a Catholic is bound to believe. This I propose now to do, and in doing it, I beg it to be understood that my statements are simply my own, and involve no responsibility of any one besides myself.

2. A recent work of M. Renan's is one of those publications which have suggested or occasioned this adverse criticism upon our intellectual position. That author's abandonment of Catholicism seems, according to a late article in a journal of high reputation, in no small measure to have come about by his study of the Biblical text, especially that of the Old Testament. "He explains," says the article, "that the Roman Catholic Church admits no compromise on questions of Biblical criticism and history" . . . though "the Book of Judith is an historical impossibility. Hence the undoubted fact that the Roman Catholic Church . . . insists on its members believing . . . a great deal more in pure criticism and pure history than the strictest Protestants exact from their pupils or flocks." Should, then, a doubting Anglican contemplate becoming Catholic by way of attaining intellectual peace, "if his doubts turn on history and criticism, he will find the little finger of the Catholic Church thicker than the loins of Protestantism."

3. The serious question, then, which this article calls on us to consider, is whether it is "an undoubted fact," as

therein stated, that the Catholic Church does "insist" on her children's acceptance of certain Scripture informations on matters of fact in defiance of criticism and history. And my first duty on setting out is to determine the meaning of that vague word "insists," which I shall use in the only sense in which a Catholic can consent to use it.

I allow, then, that the Church, certainly, does "insist," when she speaks dogmatically, nay or rather she more than insists, she obliges; she obliges us to an internal assent to that which she proposes to us. So far I admit, or rather maintain. And I admit that she obliges us in a most forcible and effective manner, that is, by the penalty of forfeiting communion with her, if we refuse our internal assent to her word. We cannot be real Catholics, if we do not from our heart accept the matters which she puts forward as divine and true. This is plain.

4. Next, to what does the Church oblige us? and what is her warrant for doing so? I answer, The matters which she can oblige us to accept with an internal assent are the matters contained in that Revelation of truth, written or unwritten, which came to the world from our Lord and his Apostles; and this claim on our faith in her decisions as to the matter of that Revelation rests on her being the divinely appointed representative of the Apostles and the expounder of their words; so that whatever she categorically delivers about their formal acts or their writings or their teaching, is an Apostolic deliverance. I repeat, the only sense in which the Church "insists" on any statement, Biblical or other, the only reason of her so insisting, is that that statement is part of the original Revelation, and therefore must be unconditionally accepted,—else, that Revelation is not, as a revelation, accepted at all.

The question then which I have to answer is, *What*, in matter of fact, has the Church (or the pope), as the representative of God, said about Scripture, which, as being Apostolic, unerring truth, is obligatory on our faith, that is, is *de fide*?

5. Many truths may be predicated about Scripture and its contents which are not

obligatory on our faith, viz., such as are private conclusions from premises, or are the *dicta* of theologians. Such as about the author of the Book of Job, or the dates of St. Paul's Epistles. These are not obligatory upon us, because they are not the subjects of *ex cathedra* utterances of the Church. Opinions of this sort may be true or not true, and lie open for acceptance or rejection, since no divine utterance has ever been granted to us about them, or is likely to be granted. We are not bound to believe what St. Jerome said or inferred about Scripture; nor what St. Augustine, or St. Thomas, or Cardinal Cajetan or Fr. Perrone has said; but what the Church has enunciated, what the Councils, what the pope, has determined. We are not bound to accept with an absolute faith what is not a dogma, or the equivalent of dogma (*vide infra*, section 17), what is not *de fide*; such judgments, however high their authority, we may without loss of communion doubt, we may refuse to accept. This is what we must especially bear in mind, when we handle such objections as M. Renan's. We must not confuse what is indisputable as well as true, with what may indeed be true, yet is disputable.

6. I must make one concession to him. In certain cases there may be a duty of silence, when there is no obligation of belief. Here no question of faith comes in. We will suppose that a novel opinion about Scripture or its contents is well grounded, and a received opinion open to doubt, in a case in which the Church has hitherto decided nothing, so that a new question needs a new answer: here, to profess the new opinion may be abstractedly permissible, but is not always permissible in practice. The novelty may be so startling as to require a full certainty that it is true; it may be so strange as to raise the question whether it will not unsettle ill-educated minds, that is, though the statement is not an offence against faith, still it may be an offence against charity. It need not be heretical, yet at a particular time or place it may be so contrary to the prevalent opinion in the Catholic body, as in Galileo's case, that zeal for the supremacy of the Divine

Word, deference to existing authorities, charity towards the weak and ignorant, and distrust of self, should keep a man from being impetuous or careless in circulating what nevertheless he holds to be true, and what, if indeed asked about, he cannot deny. The household of God has claims upon our tenderness in such matters, which criticism and history have not.

7. For myself, I have no call or wish at all to write in behalf of such persons as think it a love of truth to have no "love of the brethren." I am indeed desirous of investigating for its own sake the limit of free thought consistently with the claims upon us of Holy Scripture; still my especial interest in the inquiry is from my desire to assist those religious sons of the Church who are engaged in Biblical criticism and its attendant studies, and have a conscientious fear of transgressing the rule of faith; men who wish to ascertain how far their religion puts them under obligations and restrictions in their reasonings and inferences on such subjects, what conclusions may and what may not be held without interfering with that internal assent which they are bound to give, if they would be Catholics, to the written Word of God. I do but contemplate the inward peace of religious Catholics in their own persons. Of course those who begin without belief in the religious aspect of the universe, are not likely to be brought to such belief by studying it merely on its secular side.

8. Now, then, the main question before us being what it is that a Catholic is free to hold about Scripture in general, or about its separate portions or its statements, without compromising his firm, inward assent to the dogmas of the Church, that is, to the *de fide* enunciations of pope and Councils, we have first of all to inquire how many and what those dogmas are.

I answer that there are two such dogmas; one relates to the authority of Scripture, the other to its interpretation. As to the authority of Scripture, we hold it to be, in all matters of faith and morals, divinely inspired throughout; as to its interpretation, we hold that the Church is, in faith and morals, the one infallible expounder of that inspired text.

I begin with the question of its inspiration.

9. The books which constitute the canon of Scripture, or the canonical books, are enumerated by the Tridentine Council, as we find them in the first page of our Catholic Bibles, and are in that Ecumenical Council's decree spoken of by implication as the work of inspired men. The Vatican Council speaks more distinctly, saying that the entire books with all their parts, are divinely inspired, and adding an anathema upon impugners of this its definition.

There is another dogmatic phrase used by the Councils of Florence and Trent to denote the inspiration of Scripture, viz., "Deus unus et *idem* utriusque Testamenti Auctor." Since this left room for holding that by the word "Testamentum" was meant "Dispensation," as it seems to have meant in former councils from the date of Irenaeus, and as St. Paul uses the word, in his Epistle to the Hebrews, the Vatican Council has expressly defined that the concrete *libri* themselves of the Old and New Testament "Deum habent Auctorem."

10. There is a further question, which is still left in some ambiguity, the meaning of the word "Auctor." "Auctor" is not identical with the English word "Author." Allowing that there are instances to be found in classical Latin in which "auctores" may be translated "authors," instances in which it even seems to mean "writers," it more naturally means "authorities." Its proper sense is "originator," "inventor," "founder," "primary cause" (thus St. Paul speaks of our Lord as "Auctor salutis," "Auctor fidei"); on the other hand, that it was the inspired penmen who were the "writers" of their works seems asserted by St. John and St. Luke and, I may say, in every paragraph of St. Paul's Epistles. In St. John we read, "This is the disciple who testifies of these things, and has *written* these things," and St. Luke says, "I have thought it good to *write* to thee," etc. However, if any one prefers to construe "auctor" as "author" or writer, let it be so—only, then there will be two writers of the Scriptures, the divine and the human.

11. And now comes the important question, in what respect are the canonical books inspired? It cannot be in every respect, unless we are bound *de fide* to believe that "terra in eternum stat," and that heaven is above us, and that there are no antipodes. And it seems unworthy of divine greatness, that the Almighty should in his revelation of himself to us undertake mere secular duties, and assume the office of a narrator, as such, or an historian, or geographer, except so far as the secular matters bear directly upon the revealed truth. The Councils of Trent and the Vatican fulfil this anticipation; they tell us distinctly the object and the promise of Scripture inspiration. They specify "faith and moral conduct" as the drift of that teaching which has the guarantee of inspiration. What we need and what is given us is not how to educate ourselves for this life; we have abundant natural gifts for human society, and for the advantages which it secures; but our great want is how to demean ourselves in thought and deed towards our Maker, and how to gain reliable information on this urgent necessity.

12. Accordingly four times does the Tridentine Council insist upon "faith and morality" as the scope of inspired teaching. It declares that the "Gospel" is "the fount of all *saving truth* and all *instruction in morals*," that in the written books and in the unwritten traditions, the Holy Spirit dictating, this *truth* and *instruction* are contained. Then it speaks of the books and traditions, "relating whether to *faith* or to *morals*," and afterwards of "the confirmation of *dogmas* and establishment of *morals*." Lastly, it warns the Christian people, "in matters of *faith* and *morals*," against distorting Scripture into a sense of their own.

In like manner the Vatican Council pronounces that supernatural revelation consists "*in rebus divinis*," and is *contained* "*in libris scriptis et sine scripto traditionibus*;" and it also speaks of "*petulantia ingenia*" advancing wrong interpretations of Scripture "*in rebus fidei et morum ad redificationem doctrinæ Christianæ pertinentium*."

13. But while the Councils, as has been

shown, lay down so emphatically the inspiration of Scripture in respect to "faith and morals," it is remarkable that they do not say a word directly as to its inspiration in matters of fact. Yet are we therefore to conclude that the record of facts in Scripture does not come under the guarantee of its inspiration? We are not so to conclude, and for this plain reason: the sacred narrative, carried on through so many ages, what is it but the very matter for our faith and rule of our obedience? what but that narrative itself is the supernatural teaching, in order to which inspiration is given? What is the whole history, traced out in Scripture from Genesis to Esdras and thence on to the end of the Acts of the Apostles, but a manifestation of divine Providence, on the one hand interpretative, on a large scale and with analogical applications, of universal history, and on the other preparatory, typical and predictive, of the evangelical dispensation? Its pages breathe of providence and grace, of our Lord, and of his work and teaching, from beginning to end. It views facts in those relations in which neither ancients, such as the Greek and Latin classical historians, nor moderns, such as Niebuhr, Grote, Ewald, or Michelet, can view them. In this point of view it has God for its author, even though the finger of God traced no words but the decalogue. Such is the claim of Bible history in its substantial fulness to be accepted *de fide* as true. In this point of view, Scripture is inspired, not only in faith and morals, but in all its parts which bear on faith, including matters of fact.

14. But what has been said leads to another serious question. It is easy to imagine a code of laws inspired, or a formal prophecy, or a hymn, or a creed, or a collection of proverbs. Such works may be short, precise, and homogeneous; but inspiration on the one hand, and on the other a document, multiform and copious in its contents, as the Bible is, are at first sight incompatible ideas, and destructive of each other. How are we practically to combine the indubitable fact of a divine superintendence with the indubitable fact of a collection of such various writings?

15. Surely then if the revelations and lessons in Scripture are addressed to us personally and practically, the presence among us of a formal judge and standing expositor of its words, is imperative. It is antecedently unreasonable to suppose that a book so complex, so unsystematic, in parts so obscure, the outcome of so

many minds, times, and places, should be given us from above without the safeguard of some authority; as if it could possibly, from the nature of the case, interpret itself. Its inspiration does but guarantee its truth, not its interpretation. How are private readers satisfactorily to distinguish what is didactic and what is historical, what is fact and what is vision, what is allegorical and what is literal, what is idiomatic and what is grammatical, what is enunciated formally and what occurs *obiter*, what is only of temporary and what is of lasting obligation? Such is our natural anticipation, and it is only too exactly justified in the events of the last three centuries, in the many countries where private judgment on the text of Scripture has prevailed. The gift of inspiration requires as its complement the gift of infallibility.

Where then is this gift lodged, which is so necessary for the due use of the written word of God? Thus we are introduced to the second dogma in respect to holy Scripture taught by the Catholic religion. The first is that Scripture is inspired, the second that the Church is the infallible interpreter of that inspiration.

16. That the Church, and therefore the pope, is that interpreter is defined in the following words:—

First by the Council of Trent: "Nemo
suum prudentiam innixus, in rebus fidei et
morum ad aedificationem doctrinæ Chris-
tianæ pertinentium, Sacram Scripturam
ad suos sensus contorgens, contra eum
sensum quem tenuit et tenet Sancta Mater
Ecclesia, cuius est judicare de vero sensu
et interpretatione Scripturarum Sancta-
rum, aut etiam contra unanimem consen-
sum Patrum, ipsam Scripturam Sacram
interpretari audeat."

Secondly by the Council of the Vatican : "Nos, idem Decretum [Tridentinum] renovantes, hanc illius mentem esse declaramus, ut in rebus fidei et morum adædificationem doctrinæ Christianæ pertinentium, is pro vero sensu Sacrae Scripturæ habendus sit, quem tenuit et tenet Sancta Mater Ecclesia, cuius est judicare de vero sensu et interpretatione Scripturae Sanctorum," etc.

17. Since then there is in the Church an authority, divinely appointed and plenary, for judgment and for appeal in questions of Scripture interpretation, in matters of faith and morals, therefore by the very force of the words, there is one such authority, and only one.

Again, it follows hence, that, when the

legitimate authority has spoken, to resist its interpretation is a sin against the faith and an act of heresy.

And from this again it follows, that, till the infallible authority formally interprets a passage of Scripture, there is nothing heretical in advocating a contrary interpretation, provided of course there is nothing in the act intrinsically inconsistent with the faith, or the *pietas fidei*, nothing of contempt or rebellion, nothing temerarious, nothing offensive or scandalous, in the manner of acting or the circumstances of the case. I repeat, I am all along inquiring what Scripture, by reason of its literal text, obliges us to believe. An original view about Scripture or its parts may be as little contrary to the mind of the Church about it, as it need be an offence against its inspiration.

The proviso, however, or condition, which I have just made, must carefully be kept in mind. Doubtless, a certain interpretation of a doctrinal text may be so strongly supported by the Fathers, so continuous and universal, and so cognate and connatural with the Church's teaching, that it is virtually or practically as dogmatic as if it were a formal judgment delivered on appeal by the Holy See, and cannot be disputed except as the Church or Holy See opens its wording or its conditions. Hence the Vatican Council says, "Fide divina et Catholicâ ea omnia credenda sunt, quae in verbo Dei scripto vel tradito continentur, vel ab Ecclesiâ sive solemnî judicio, sive *ordinario* et *universalis magisterio*, tanquam divinitus revelata, credenda proponuntur." And I repeat, that, though the Fathers were not inspired, yet their united testimony is of supreme authority; at the same time, since no canon or list has been determined of the Fathers, the practical rule of duty is obedience to the voice of the Church.

18. Such then is the answer which I make to the main question which has led to my writing. I asked what obligation of duty lay upon the Catholic scholar or man of science as regards his critical treatment of the text and the matter of Holy Scripture. And now I say that it is his duty, first, never to forget that what he is handling is the Word of God, which, by reason of the difficulty of always drawing the line between what is human and what is divine, cannot be put on the level of other books, as it is now the fashion to do, but has the nature of a sacrament, which is outward and inward, and a channel of supernatural grace; and secondly,

that, in what he writes upon it or its separate books, he is bound to submit himself internally, and to profess to submit himself, in all that relates to faith and morals, to the definite teaching of Holy Church.

This being laid down, let me go on to consider some of the critical distinctions and conclusions which are consistent with a faithful observance of these obligations.

19. Are the books or are the writers inspired? I answer, both. The Council of Trent says the writers ("ab ipsis Apostolis, Spiritu Sancto dictante"); the Vatican says the books ("Si quis libros integros, etc., divinitus inspiratos esse negaverit, anathema sit"). Of course the Vatican decision is *de fide*, but it cannot annul the Tridentine. Both decrees are dogmatic truths. The Tridentine teaches us that the divine inspirer, inasmuch as he acted on the writer, acted, not immediately on the books themselves, but through the men who wrote them. The books are inspired, because the writers were inspired to write them. They are not inspired books, unless they came from inspired men.

There is one instance in Scripture of divine inspiration without a human medium; the Decalogue was written by the very finger of God. He wrote the law upon the stone tables himself. It has been thought that the Urim and Thummim was another instance of the immediate inspiration of a material substance; but anyhow such instances are exceptional; certainly, as regards Scripture, which alone concerns us here, there always have been two minds in the process of inspiration, a divine Auctor, and a human scriptor; and various important consequences follow from this appointment.

20. If there be at once a divine and a human mind co-operating in the formation of the sacred text, it is not surprising if there often be a double sense in that text, and, with obvious exceptions, never certain that there is not.

Thus Sara had her human and literal meaning in her words, "Cast out the bondwoman and her son," etc.; but we know from St. Paul that those words were inspired by the Holy Ghost to convey a spiritual meaning. Abraham, too, on the mount, when his son asked him whence was to come the victim for the sacrifice which his father was about to offer, answered, "God will provide;" and he showed his own sense of his words after-

wards, when he took the ram which was caught in the briars, and offered it as a holocaust. Yet those words were a solemn prophecy.

And is it extravagant to say, that, even in the case of men who have no pretension to be prophets or servants of God, he may by their means give us great maxims and lessons, which the speakers little thought they were delivering? as in the case of the architrichinus in the marriage feast, who spoke of the bridegroom as having "kept the good wine until now;" words which it was needless for St. John to record, unless they had a mystical meaning.

Such instances raise the question whether the Scripture saints and prophets always understood the higher and divine sense of their words. As to Abraham, this will be answered in the affirmative; but I do not see reason for thinking that Sara was equally favored. Nor is her case solitary; Caiphas, as high priest, spoke a divine truth by virtue of his office, little thinking of it, when he said that "one man must die for the people;" and St. Peter at Joppa at first did not see beyond a literal sense in his vision, though he knew that there was a higher sense, which in God's good time would be revealed to him.

And hence there is no difficulty in supposing that the prophet Osee, though inspired, only knew his own literal sense of the words which he transmitted to posterity, "I have called my son out of Egypt," the further prophetic meaning of them being declared by St. Matthew in his Gospel. And such a divine sense would be both concurrent with and confirmed by that antecedent belief which prevailed among the Jews in St. Matthew's time, that their sacred books were in great measure typical, with an evangelical bearing, though as yet they might not know what those books contained in prospect.

21. Nor is it *de fide* (for that alone with a view to Catholic Biblicists I am considering) that inspired men, at the time when they speak from inspiration, should always know that the divine Spirit is visiting them.

The Psalms are inspired; but, when David, in the outpouring of his deep contrition, disburdened himself before his God in the words of the *Miserere*, could he, possibly, while uttering them, have been directly conscious that every word he uttered was not simply his, but another's? Did he not think that he was

personally asking forgiveness and spiritual help?

Doubt again seems incompatible with a consciousness of being inspired. But Father Patrizi, while reconciling two Evangelists in a passage of their narratives, says, if I understand him rightly (ii., p. 405), that though we admit that there were some things about which inspired writers doubted, this does not imply that inspiration allowed them to state what is doubtful as certain, but only it did not hinder them from stating things with a doubt on their minds about them; but how can the all-knowing Spirit doubt? or how can an inspired man doubt, if he is conscious of his inspiration?

And, again, how can a man whose hand is guided by the Holy Spirit, and who knows it, make apologies for his style of writing, as if deficient in literary exactness and finish? If then the writer of Ecclesiasticus, at the very time that he wrote his prologue, was not only inspired but conscious of his inspiration, how could he have entreated his readers to "come with benevolence," and to make excuse for his "coming short in the composition of words"? Surely, if at the very time he wrote he had known it, he would, like other inspired men, have said, "Thus saith the Lord," or what was equivalent to it.

The same remark applies to the writer of the Second Book of Machabees, who ends his narrative by saying, "If I have done well, it is what I desired, but if not so perfectly, it must be pardoned me." What a contrast to St. Paul, who, speaking of his inspiration (1 Cor. vii. 40) and of his "weakness and fear" (*ibid.* ii. 4), does so in order to boast that his "speech was, not in the persuasive words of human wisdom, but in the showing of the Spirit and of power." The historian of the Machabees would have surely adopted a like tone of "glorying," had he had at the time a like consciousness of his divine gift.

22. Again, it follows from there being two agencies, divine grace and human intelligence, co-operating in the production of the Scriptures, that, whereas, if they were written, as in the Decalogue, by the immediate finger of God, every word of them must be his and his only, on the contrary, if they are man's writing, informed and quickened by the presence of the Holy Ghost, they admit, should it so happen, of being composed of outlying materials, which have passed through the minds and from the fingers of inspired

penmen, and are known to be inspired on the ground that those who were the immediate editors, as they may be called, were inspired.

For an example of this we are supplied by the writer of the Second Book of Machabees, to which reference has already been made. "All such things," says the writer, "as have been comprised in five books by Jason of Cyrene, we have attempted to abridge in one book." Here we have the human aspect of an inspired work. Jason need not, the writer of the Second Book of Machabees must, have been inspired.

Again; St. Luke's Gospel is inspired, as having gone through and come forth from an inspired mind; but the extrinsic sources of his narrative were not necessarily all inspired any more than was Jason of Cyrene; yet such sources there were, for, in contrast with the testimony of the actual eye-witnesses of the events which he records, he says of himself that he wrote after a careful inquiry, "according as *they* delivered them to us, who from the beginning were eye-witnesses and ministers of the word;" as to himself, he had but "diligently attained to all things from the beginning." Here it was not the original statements, but his edition of them, which needed to be inspired.

23. Hence we have no reason to be surprised, nor is it against the faith to hold, that a canonical book may be composed, not only from, but even of, pre-existing documents, it being always borne in mind, as a necessary condition, that an inspired mind has exercised a supreme and an ultimate judgment on the work, determining what was to be selected and embodied in it, in order to its truth in all "matters of faith and morals pertaining to the edification of Christian doctrine," and its unadulterated truth.

Thus Moses may have incorporated in his manuscript as much from foreign documents as is commonly maintained by the critical school; yet the existing Pentateuch, with the miracles which it contains, may still (from that personal inspiration which belongs to a prophet) have flowed from his mind and hand on to his composition. He new-made and authenticated what till then was no matter of faith.

This being considered, it follows that a book may be, and may be accepted as, inspired, though not a word of it is an original document. Such is almost the case with the first book of Esdras. A learned writer in a publication of the day *

says: "It consists of the contemporary historical journals, kept from time to time by the prophets or other authorized persons, who were eye-witnesses for the most part of what they record, and whose several narratives were afterwards strung together, and either abridged or added to, as the case required, by a later hand, of course an inspired hand."

And in like manner the Chaldee and Greek portions of the Book of Daniel, even though not written by Daniel, may be, and we believe are, written by penmen inspired in matters of faith and morals; and so much, and nothing beyond, does the Church "oblige" us to believe.

24. I have said that the Chaldee, as well as the Hebrew portion of Daniel, requires, in order to its inspiration, not that it should be Daniel's writing, but that its writer, whoever he was, should be inspired. This leads me to the question whether inspiration requires and implies that the book inspired should in its form and matter be homogeneous, and all its parts belong to each other. Certainly not. The book of Psalms is the obvious instance destructive of any such idea. What it really requires is an inspired editor; * that is, an inspired mind, authoritative in faith and morals, from whose fingers the sacred text passed. I believe it is allowed generally, that at the date of the captivity and under the persecution of Antiochus, the books of Scripture and the sacred text suffered much loss and injury. Originally the Psalms seem to have consisted of five books; of which only a portion, perhaps the first and second, were David's. That arrangement is now broken up, and the Council of Trent was so impressed with the difficulty of their authorship, that, in its formal decree respecting the canon, instead of calling the collection "David's Psalms," as was usual, they called it the "Psalterium Davidicum," thereby meaning to imply, that, although canonical and inspired and in spiritual fellowship and relationship with those of "the choice Psalmist of Israel," the whole collection is not therefore necessarily the writing of David.

* This representation must not be confused with either of the two views of canonicity which are pronounced insufficient by the Vatican Council—viz., 1, that in order to be sacred and canonical, it is enough for a book to be a work of mere human industry, provided it be afterwards approved by the authority of the Church; and 2, that it is enough if it contains revealed teaching without error. Neither of these views supposes the presence of inspiration, whether in the writer or the writing; what is contemplated above is an inspired writer in the exercise of his inspiration, and a work inspired from first to last under the action of that inspiration.

And as the name of David, though not really applicable to every Psalm, nevertheless protected and sanctioned them all, so the appendices which conclude the book of Daniel, Susanna and Bel, though not belonging to the main history, come under the shadow of that divine presence, which primarily rests on what goes before.

And so again, whether or not the last verses of St. Mark's, and two portions of St. John's Gospel, belong to those Evangelists respectively, matters not as regards their inspiration; for the Church has recognized them as portions of that sacred narrative which precedes or embraces them.

Nor does it matter, whether one or two Isaiahs wrote the book which bears that prophet's name; the Church, without settling this point, pronounces it inspired in respect of faith and morals, both Isaiahs being inspired; and, if this be assured to us, all other questions are irrelevant and unnecessary.

Nor do the Councils forbid our holding that there are interpolations or additions in the sacred text, say, the last chapter of the Pentateuch, provided they are held to come from an inspired penman, such as Esdras, and are thereby authoritative in faith and morals.

25. From what has been last said it follows, that the titles of the canonical books, and their ascription to definite authors, either do not come under their inspiration, or need not be accepted literally.

For instance: the Epistle to the Hebrews is said in our Bibles to be the writing of St. Paul, and so virtually it is, and to deny that it is so in any sense might be temerarious; but its authorship is not a matter of faith as its inspiration is, but an acceptance of received opinion, and because to no other writer can it be so well assigned.

Again, the 89th Psalm has for its title "A Prayer of Moses," yet that has not hindered a succession of Catholic writers, from Athanasius to Bellarmine, from denying it to be his.

Again, the Book of Wisdom professes (e.g., chs. vii. and ix.) to be written by Solomon; yet our Bibles say, "It is written in the *person* of Solomon," and "it is uncertain who was the writer;" and St. Augustine, whose authority had so much influence in the settlement of the canon, speaking of Wisdom and Ecclesiasticus, says: "The two books by reason of a certain similarity of style are usually

called Solomon's, though the more learned have no doubt they do not belong to him." (Martin. "Pref. to Wisdom and Eccl.; Aug. Opp. t. iii. p. 733.)

If these instances hold, they are precedents for saying that it is no sin against the faith (for of such I have all along been speaking), nor indeed, if done conscientiously and on reasonable grounds, any sin, to hold that Ecclesiastes is not the writing of Solomon, in spite of its opening with a profession of being his; and that first, because that profession is a heading, not a portion of the book; secondly, because, even though it be part of the book, a like profession is made in the Book of Wisdom, without its being a proof that Wisdom is Solomon's; and thirdly, because such a profession may well be considered a prosopopoeia not so difficult to understand as that of the angel Raphael, when he called himself "the son of the great Ananias."

On this subject Melchior Canus says: "It does not much matter to the Catholic faith, that a book was written by this or that writer, as long as the Spirit of God is believed to be the author of it; which Gregory delivers and explains, in his Preface to Job, 'It matters not with what pen the King has written his letter, if it be true that he has written it.'" (Loc. Th., p. 44.)

I say then of the Book of Ecclesiastes, its authorship is one of those questions which still lie in the hands of the Church. If the Church formally declared that it was written by Solomon, I consider that, in accordance with its heading (and, as implied in what follows, as in Wisdom,) we should be bound, recollecting that she has the gift of judging "de *vero sensu et interpretatione* Scripturarum Sanctorum," to accept such a decree as a matter of faith; and in like manner, in spite of its heading, we should be bound to accept a contrary decree, if made to the effect that the book was not Solomon's. At present as the Church (or pope) has not pronounced on one side or on the other, I conceive that, till a decision comes from Rome, either opinion is open to the Catholic without any impeachment of his faith.

26. And here I am led on to inquire whether *obiter dicta* are conceivable in an inspired document. We know that they are held to exist and even required in treating of the dogmatic utterances of popes, but are they compatible with inspiration? The common opinion is that they are not. Professor Lamy thus writes about them, in the form of an objection:

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"Many minute matters occur in the sacred writers which have regard only to human feebleness and the natural necessities of life, and by no means require inspiration, since they can otherwise be perfectly well known, and seem scarcely worthy of the Holy Spirit, as for instance what is said of the dog of Tobias, St. Paul's *penula*, and the salutations at the end of the Epistles." Neither he nor Fr. Patrizi allow of these exceptions; but Fr. Patrizi, as Lamy quotes him, "damare non audet eos qui hæc tenerent," viz., exceptions, and he himself, by keeping silence, seems unable to condemn them either.

By *obiter dicta* in Scripture I also mean such statements as we find in the Book of Judith, that Nabuchodonosor was king of Nineve. Now it is in favor of there being such unauthoritative *obiter dicta*, that unlike those which occur in dogmatic utterances of popes and Councils, they are, in Scripture, not doctrinal, but mere unimportant statements of fact; whereas those of popes and Councils may relate to faith and morals, and are said to be uttered *obiter*, because they are not contained within the scope of the formal definition, and imply no intention of binding the consciences of the faithful. There does not then seem any serious difficulty in admitting their existence in Scripture. Let it be observed, its miracles are doctrinal facts, and in no sense of the phrase can be considered *obiter dicta*.

27. It may be questioned, too, whether the absence of chronological sequence might not be represented as an infringement of plenary inspiration, more serious than the *obiter dicta* of which I have been speaking. Yet St. Matthew is admitted by approved commentators to be unsolicitous as to order of time. So says Fr. Patrizi (*De Evang.* lib. ii., p. 1), viz., "Matthæum de observando temporis ordine minime sollicitum esse." He gives instances, and then repeats, "Matthew did not observe order of time." If such absence of order is compatible with inspiration in St. Matthew, as it is, it might be consistent with inspiration in parts of the Old Testament, supposing they are open to re-arrangement in chronology. Does not this teach us to fall back upon the decision of the councils that "faith and morals pertaining to the edification of Christian doctrine" are the scope, the

true scope, of inspiration? And is not the Holy See the judge given us for determining what is for edification and what is not?

There is another practical exception to the ideal continuity of Scripture inspiration in mere matters of fact, and that is the multitude of various manuscript readings which surround the sacred text. Unless we have the text as inspired men wrote it, we have not the divine gift in its fulness, and as far as we have no certainty which out of many is the true reading, so far, wherever the sense is affected, we are in the same difficulty as may be the consequence of an *obiter dictum*. Yet, in spite of this danger, even cautious theologians do not hesitate to apply the gratuitous hypothesis of errors in transcription as a means of accounting for such statements of fact as they feel to need an explanation. Thus Fr. Patrizi, not favoring the order of our Lord's three temptations in the desert, as given by St. Luke, attributes it to the mistake of the transcribers. "I have no doubt at all," he says, "that it is to be attributed, not to Luke himself, but to his transcribers" (*ibid.* p. 5); and again, he says that it is owing "vitio librariorum" (p. 394). If I recollect rightly, Melchior Canus has recourse to the "fault of transcribers" also. Indeed it is commonly urged in controversy (*vide* Lamy, i., p. 31).

28. I do not here go on to treat of the special instance urged against us by M. Renan, drawn from the Book of Judith, because I have wished to lay down principles, and next because his charge can neither be proved nor refuted just now, while the strange discoveries are in progress about Assyrian and Persian history by means of the cuneiform inscriptions. When the need comes, the Church, or the Holy See, will interpret the sacred book for us.

I conclude by reminding the reader that in these remarks I have been concerned only with the question — what have Catholics to hold and profess *de fide* about Scripture? that is, what it is the Church "insists" on their holding; and next, by unreservedly submitting what I have written to the judgment of the Holy See, being more desirous that the question should be satisfactorily answered than that my own answer should prove to be in every respect the right one.

From The Argosy.

DR. BALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MOLLY BAWN."

HE was a very little man, with a cherubic face, and a large soul, and nothing at all awe-inspiring about him. His eyes shone through his glasses anxiously, as though in eager search of any good that might be lying about amongst his parishioners. He thought no evil of any man and, in truth, no man thought evil of him.

He had been twenty years a curate, but had never sighed for higher wage or betrayed a bankering for the flesh-pots of Egypt. Contented he was and happy amongst his ungrateful old women and surly old men. He went to bed at eight o'clock, or half past; he never went into society: indeed, there was hardly any into which to go in the benighted Irish village in which he lived. He knew as little about the subtle changes that creep now and again into fashionable life, as the South Sea Islander.

Dulcinea — a charming girl of eighteen, and a great heiress, his friend and god-child — would often walk down to his cottage to see him, but he would seldom go to her. He would never dine from home, but sometimes he would take from Dulcinea's hand the cup of tea she had ready for him at all hours of the day, knowing it to be his one carnal delight.

His rector was old and infirm, and for the most part resided in Italy. In fact, the little doctor did all the work of Inchinabagga, which was the somewhat outlandish name of his parish.

Dulcinea, with an unpardonable play upon his name, had christened him her Candy-ball: saying in excuse that she had a right to give him any name she pleased because he had given her hers — which did not please her — at the font, many winters ago now.

"Yet, after all I don't think my sobriquet suits you: candy-balls are such *hard* things," she said tenderly, as she walked with him up and down his little garden path one morning in mid-winter, hugging his arm the while. "I'm sure I have nearly smashed all my teeth with them over and over again. And you, with your tender heart, could never hurt me or any living thing. I know — and Gerald says it too — that you are the best and dearest man in all the world."

Having exploded this little shell, she waited somewhat anxiously for the result.

"Now — now — I am afraid you have been writing to Gerald again," said the

doctor, stopping in his walk and regarding her with what he believed to be severity.

"Yes, I have," said Miss Vane promptly. "Isn't it good of me to tell you the truth out quite plainly? I'll tell you something else, too. If you say even one small scolding word to me, I shall run away from you, and you shan't see me again for a week."

"Dear me, dear me, this is terrible!" said the doctor, almost tragically.

Now, Miss Dulcinea Vane, besides being an heiress, was also the bishop's ward. And the bishop was sternly desirous of doing his duty by her — which meant turning a cold shoulder on all needy young men who paid their addresses to her. Their name was Legion, so that the poor bishop had by no means a good time of it.

There had come nothing serious of it all, however, until about six months ago, when Gerald Wygram had descended upon Inchinabagga as if from the clouds. He said he had come for the fishing, which was excellent in the neighborhood; but having seen Miss Vane one day in the curate's garden, his desire for trout suddenly died a natural death, and his desire for something else grew into a mighty longing. He was a tall young man, handsome, and, worse than all, eloquent. He talked Dulcinea's heart out of her body, before she woke to the knowledge that she had one.

There was absolutely no fault to be found with him beyond the fact that he was the fifth son of a by-no-means wealthy baronet. This was a sin past forgiveness in everybody's eyes, except Dulcinea's. She was reasoned with, expostulated with, threatened. All to no good.

The bishop in a long letter — exquisitely written and perfectly worded — finally commanded Miss Vane to cease to think again of this Gerald Wygram (this clerk in the Foreign Office, with a paltry stipend) for even one moment! To which Dulcinea sent a meek reply, to the effect that as usual her guardian's behests should be obeyed to the letter. She would indeed never think of Gerald Wygram again for that insignificant portion of time called a moment, but daily, hourly, until the family vault claimed her for its own. Whereupon the bishop wrote to Doctor Ball, as her spiritual adviser, begging him to bring her to a proper frame of mind, and to see, generally, what was to be done.

It was wonderful how little could be done; and Dulcinea would promise nothing. So Sir Watkyn Wygram, Gerald's father, was written to; and he, though

mighty amused at the whole affair, took the law into his own hands, and ordered Gerald to leave Inchinabagga without delay.

There were certain reasons why it was best to obey this order, and so, with many kisses and vows of eternal constancy, the lovers parted. They felt their constancy might be put to the test, as Dulcinea was barely eighteen, and by her father's will, was not to come of age until her twenty-third year. Five years to wait! An eternity to an impatient heart! A month's trial having proved to them that life without each other was an earthly purgatory, they resolved to try one more expedient to soften the man in the apron and the long silk stockings.

"What is terrible?" asked Dulcinea of the curate, as they walked up and down the garden.

"This correspondence with Gerald, when you *know* the bishop —"

"Well, I won't do it again," she said. "It would be a stupid thing to write to him, wouldn't it?" continued Dulcinea innocently, "when I can see him every day?"

"See him!" Dr. Ball stopped short again, and gazed at her over his glasses. "Why you don't mean to tell me that —"

"Yes I do, indeed. He is staying down at the white cottage just like last spring. He says he has come for the fishing."

"Fishing in January!"

"Well, if it isn't for that, it is for something else. And you can't think how nice he is looking. And he is so fond of you! Do you know you were the very first person he asked for?"

"Did he now!" said the doctor, with a broadly gratified smile. Then he recollected himself, and brought himself back to a proper frame of mind with the help of a dry little cough. "The bishop and Sir Watkyn will be greatly annoyed," he said.

"I don't care," returned Dulcinea rebelliously. "What fault can the bishop find with him?"

"He is not your equal, my dear."

"I hope you are not growing worldly," said Dulcinea, with a severity that to the poor doctor sounded very terrible.

"But he is *very* poor, my dear," he said, faltering, and feeling himself the most worldly creature on earth.

"And is his poverty the only thing against him?"

"The bishop has other objections."

"Oh! I know all about that," said she, with superb disdain. "I know he has

been meanly trying to spy out some trumpery little peccadilloes belonging to poor Gerald's Oxford days. It is my belief the bishop did far worse himself when he was at Oxford. I hate a spy!"

"But, my dear —"

"And if Gerald was a little bit wild at college — I — I — think it was *delightful* of him! I can't bear goody-goody young men. I should quite despise him if I thought he had never done anything he oughtn't to do."

"Dulcinea, this is horrible!" said the doctor. "If your guardian —"

"I know my guardian," with a contemptuous shrug of her pretty little shoulders — "and you would, too, only you are too good to fathom his schemes. Do you think a real Christian would forbid two people to be happy? No, you don't. A real Christian would help them to be happy. And" — turning to him suddenly, with a quick, radiant smile — "you *will* help us?" She spoke with an amount of assurance she was far from feeling, but determined to play her last card with a high courage. "You will go to the bishop yourself, and plead for us. He respects you (it is the only sign of grace about him); he will listen to you, and you *will* bring us back word that you have succeeded. You will give us that bad old man's blessing; we shall fall upon your neck and embrace you, and then you *will* marry us."

"Stop — stop," said the doctor. "I *haven't* do this thing. The bishop's face is set against Gerald, and —"

"Then you are to set your face against the bishop's and turn his in favor of Gerald. Yes, you must indeed! Oh! my dear godfather, you have never refused me anything in all my life; do not begin to do so now. Tell him I am sick, dying —"

"But, my dear girl, I never saw you looking better."

"Never mind, I shall *get* sick; tell him, too, that Gerald is such a regular attendant at church, and that —"

"I *can't*, Dulcinea. All last spring, Sunday after Sunday, I missed his head in the rector's pew, where he was supposed to sit."

All the pews in the church at Inchinabagga were so built that only the heads of the parishioners could be seen, staring over them as if impaled.

"Perhaps he *was* there, but sitting low," said Dulcinea mendaciously.

"No. He wasn't sitting there at all," said the curate sorrowfully. "He was

up the South stream, at Owen's farm, fishing for trout."

"Well, even if he was," said Gerald's sweetheart boldly, "surely there was some excuse for him. Sundays should not be good fishing days, and on every one of those you mention the trout were literally jumping out of the water, and crying to be caught! He told me so. Why, the bishop himself would have gone fishing on such days."

"I must request, Dulcinea ——"

"Well, if he wouldn't, he would have been dying to go — it is all the same," said Miss Vane airily. "Come, you will go to the bishop — you will do what you can for us, won't you?"

"What," nervously, "am I to say if I do go. Mind, I have not promised."

"Say that Gerald is worthier of me than I am of Gerald. That will be a good beginning; be *sure* you say that. Make me out a most perverse girl, of whom you can get *no* good ——"

"Dulcinea," said the doctor, with mournful reproach, "in all these years have I failed to show you the graciousness of truth?"

"Oh! but what is the truth in comparison with Gerald!" said Miss Vane, with an impatient gesture of the right hand.

Quite overwhelmed by this last proof of the uselessness of his ministry, Dr. Ball maintained a crushed silence.

"You will say just what I have told you — won't you?" asked Dulcinea anxiously.

"I shall say you have certain faults I would gladly see amended," said the curate sadly; "but I cannot bring myself to malign you, Dulcinea, and, of course, the bishop knowing you — though slightly — must have formed an opinion of his own about you."

"He is such an old bore," said Miss Vane irreverently, "that I don't believe he could form an opinion on *any* subject." In which she wronged the bishop.

"I must beg you won't speak of your bishop like that," said the curate earnestly. "He has been of much service to the Church. He is a great and good man. Well," he continued, with a sigh, after a pause, "I will go to him and intercede for you. I shall write and ask him for an interview — but I doubt if good will come of it. And what shall I do there, in a strange place, amongst strange faces, after all these years?"

In truth, it seemed a terrible thing to him, this undertaking. He would have to leave his home, for the first time these

ten years, and go beyond his beloved boundary, and launch himself, as it were, upon the world.

But he wrote to the bishop, nevertheless, asking for an interview, without stating the object he had in view, and received a very friendly letter from that dignitary in return, who, indeed, was a very kindly man, *au fond*, and most wilfully misunderstood by Dulcinea. The bishop granted Dr. Ball the desired interview with pleasure, and begged he would come to the palace early in the ensuing week, not on business alone, but as a guest for a day or two.

On the Monday following Dr. Ball rose betimes, and having shaved himself with extra care, and donned his best clothes, (oh! that he should have to call them so!) he started for the cathedral town in the heaviest snowstorm they had known that year.

On entering the episcopal drawing room he found there, not only the bishop and his wife, Mrs. Craik, but a goodly company of guests. He was at first bewildered by the lights, and the fine small chatter, and the frou-frou of the silken gowns, and in his progress up the room fell over several chairs and tables. But presently he came to his senses and a comfortable ottoman close to his hostess — a handsome woman with great kindly eyes and a delicious voice.

He saw that she was pouring out tea, and that every one was drinking it. He saw, too, that there was a good deal of cake going about, and thin bread and butter, and some delicate waferly little things he had never seen before. He glanced at the ormolu clock on the chimney-piece behind him, and saw it was nearly six o'clock. "And a very reasonable hour for tea, too," he said to himself complacently, and ate a good deal more bread and butter, and told himself the tea was excellent. He looked round him and beamed through his glasses at the pretty girls in their charming gowns, and declared them to his heart a sight worth seeing. Two or three of them, struck by the benevolence of his smile, smiled back at him, so that his satisfaction was complete.

Then a dismal, booming sound came from the hall. The doctor started on hearing it and nearly dropped his cup of *sèvres*.

"The gong," said a little woman near him, getting up with graceful languor from her chair.

"First bell! Who would have thought it was so late?" said a tall, pretty girl. "How time does fly sometimes!" The doctor in a vague way had noticed that this last speaker had had a young man whispering to her for the last half-hour.

Then, as if by magic, every one seemed to disappear. They melted away through the open doorway before his very eyes. *Where* were they going? To their rooms? The little doctor, who had been puzzled by his afternoon tea — an entirely new custom to him — now grew mildly speculative and somewhat bewildered. Seeing the signs of hesitation that enshrouded him, the bishop went up to him, and laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"You will like to go too," he said kindly, "after your long drive." There were no trains in those days to or from Inchinabagga.

"Certainly, my lord," said Dr. Ball mildly; "but where?"

"Why, to your room," said the bishop.

"Ah! to be sure," returned the doctor. Then he shook hands with the bishop, rather to that good man's surprise, and would probably have performed the same ceremony with Mrs. Craik, but she had disappeared.

The lamps were lighted everywhere, and a tall servant in powder handed him a silver candlestick at his bedroom door, to which haven he had conducted him. Inside, the bedroom fire was burning brilliantly, and the doctor sinking into an armchair gave himself up to thought. He meant to arrange his speech about Dulcinea's engagement to be delivered tomorrow, but somehow his thoughts wandered.

"Evidently they dine early" — they took this form at last — "evidently. I suppose they thought *I* did too, but I depended on getting something here. A mutton chop now, or even a little bit of cold mutton with my tea — it is a long drive, as he said himself." Not that it mattered really. They had all been kind, *most* kind; Mrs. Craik especially. Beautiful woman, Mrs. Craik. He was a little, perhaps — well — a little hungry certainly, but a good night's rest is better than meat or drink; and he had often been hungry before when on a long day's tramp; and better be hungry and receive such a kind reception as had been accorded him, than — than —

The fire was splendid, and the wax candles burning here and there were full of sleepy suggestions. The doctor roused himself by an effort, and spread

his hands over the glowing coals, and enjoyed the glorious heat, and almost forgot the mutton chop. When he had bobbed nearly into the flames, and recovered himself many times, it occurred to the little doctor that another and a final bob might land him in the cinders; so he pulled himself together heroically, and rose from his chair. He yawned gently. How quiet the house was! No doubt every one was gone to bed. Had he not heard the bishop say they were gone to their rooms, and for what — after tea — except for repose? He was tired. He, too, would go to bed.

Then the good little gentleman knelt down, and said his evening prayers. He prayed most sincerely for the bishop in spite of that missing chop, and calmly, with a conscience devoid of offence, began to make preparations for his couch. If he had any doubts about the earliness of the hour, he put it down to an episcopal rule that all should retire at an appointed time, and so found it good in his eyes. To his primitive mind (a mind that had never wandered from a strict belief in the customs of the earlier part of the century), a dinner at half past seven was a thing unknown. If he had heard of any such absurdity, he had forgotten it. As I have told you, he was as dead to all innovations that had taken place since "Sailor Billy" was king, as the babe unborn; and yet it was the sixty-fifth year of the nineteenth century.

Finally he kicked off his boots, and crept gladly into bed. It was a bed so comfortable that in two minutes he was sound asleep. He was indeed just entering into a beatific dream where his poorest old widow had received provisions sufficient in quantity to last her for several years, when a sound rang through the room, driving sleep affrighted from his lids. *Where* had he heard that sound before? The gong! the gong! What! morning so soon!

He sprang up in bed, and looked vaguely round him. As he did so, the door opened, and a young woman entered the room.

"Eh?" said the doctor, staring hard at her. He felt he was at a disadvantage in his nightcap, and could not help wishing at the moment that the tassel would not dangle so insanely. He wished, too, that some more intellectual remark had risen to his lips, but the wish was productive of no good. The young woman stared at him in return with undisguised wonder, but from speech she refrained.

"Eh?" said the doctor again; then, remembering that she had refused to make reply to this monosyllable before, he struggled with himself, and added some words to it. "What is this?" he said confusedly. "What hour is it? Does his lordship rise before *daylight*?" He bobbed the tassel at her as he said this. A most confounding tassel! of abnormal stoutness and unparalleled length. The maid went down before it. She drew nearer to the door, and laid her grasp as a precautionary measure upon the handle.

"Lawks, sir," she said, "whatever are you lying abed for? Dinner will be served in two mingits."

With that she darted into the corridor outside, and fled from the "mad gentleman" to the safe regions below.

"Dinner!" repeated the doctor to himself, in a dazed tone; and then, "Bless me!" He had not even time to repent him of this rash oath, as he called to mind the bare two minutes left him; and springing from his bed, he plunged into his clothes again.

With all the haste he made, however, he did not succeed in being less than ten minutes late as he entered the drawing-room. All the other guests were there, but were fortunately arguing busily over a huge portfolio of Italian views. Mrs. Craik was standing on the hearth-rug somewhat apart. With a deep blush and a very distressed countenance, the curate advanced towards her.

"Ah, Dr. Ball! As I said before, it was a long drive," said the bishop graciously, leaving the group near the portfolio, to come up to him. "Confess the truth, now; say you fell asleep before your fire. I often do it myself—often."

"It was hardly that, my lord," said the doctor, to whom even prevarication was hateful.

"Ah, ah!" said the bishop, laughing. "Did any one ever, I wonder, confess to those forty winks? You were tired though, eh?"

"I was tired," said the little doctor, simply. He might have let it so rest, but his conscience pricked him. In leaving the matter thus, was he not leading his host and bishop astray? His little, round, guileless face assumed even a deeper tinge of red, he turned to the bishop again.

"The fact is," he said earnestly, "that when at home, I dine early, and take my tea, when—when *you* take *yours*. Then after a couple of hours' reading, I go to bed. Having no reading with me to-night, and feeling fatigued, I went to bed

straight. I did not understand about the dinner, my lord. That is *actually* how it was. I beg, madam," turning to Mrs. Craik with the old-fashioned courtesy, that all his years of poverty and seclusion had not been able to steal from him, "you will try to forgive me, for having had the misfortune to keep you waiting."

The bishop had suddenly found some fault, or some remarkable virtue in his shoe-buckle. He bent obstinately over it. Only his wife, however, could see by the shaking of his shoulders that he was convulsed with laughter. She launched at him a withering dart from her usually mild blue eye, then pulled her satin skirts aside, and beckoned to Dr. Ball to sit down beside her.

"You must not think you have kept us waiting for even one moment," she said, with extreme sweetness. "I don't believe dinner is ready even yet; cook is so unpunctual!"

Even as these words passed her lips the footman announced the meal in question, in an aggrieved tone suggestive of many abusive words addressed to him by an irate cook. Nevertheless, I feel sure Mrs. Craik's kindly fib was forgiven her in the highest courts of all.

After dinner the bishop led Dr. Ball into the library, and with a cheery "Now, let me know how I can help you," threw himself into a lounging-chair, and prepared to listen to some small parish trouble.

Thus addressed, all the curate's wits at once deserted him. In a mean, paltry fashion, they fled, leaving him utterly stranded. He had meant to be more than ordinarily eloquent about Dulcinea's love affair; but now brought face to face with the foe, he found himself barren of words. Yet speak he must; and so, boldly, curtly, tersely, he stated his mission, and expressed his hope of obtaining for Dulcinea permission to marry the man of her heart.

To say the bishop was astounded would be to say little. He was so amazed that he leaned back in his chair, and for some minutes was incapable of an answer. Then he began a diatribe about fortune-hunters, and his duty as a guardian, and Dulcinea's wealth, and her general impracticability. When he had got so far he paused, and looked at the curate, as if for a further lead. But Dr. Ball was sorely in want of a lead himself. He was in fact frightened out of his life. It seemed such presumption to sit there, and argue with his bishop! What was he to

say? Silence was impossible with the bishop sitting there staring at him in expectant impatience; speech seemed equally so. At last his lips unclosed, and some words unbidden rose to them.

"She is such a *very good girl*," he murmured, in a dull, heavy tone, hardly knowing *what* he said. Could anything be tamer, more meaningless? He felt his cause was lost.

"Yes, yes, no doubt," said his lordship testily, somewhat put out, he hardly knew why, by the curate's simple remark. "I have hardly had a good opportunity of sifting her character *so far*, as she has obstinately refused of late every invitation sent her by Mrs. Craik. But I am glad to hear you speak of her *so favorably*."

Again he paused, and looked expectantly at the doctor, who felt the blood mount surging to his brow. Oh! for the tongue of a Demosthenes to sing his dear girl's praises! It was denied him. His very brain seemed dry as his parched lips. Yet speak he must.

"I never met *so good a girl*," he stammered again in the same heavy, impressive tone, his shamed eyes on the ground. Good gracious, was he never to get beyond this lukewarm formula?

"No doubt, no doubt," said the bishop, with growing discomposure. "The fact that she *is* so admirable a girl as you describe her proves to me that there is all the more reason why I should feel myself bound, as her guardian, to look after her interests, and shield her from all harm; from *fortune-hunters* especially. And this Mr.—ah—Wygram seems to me nothing better than one of that class."

Then he looked once more questioningly at Dr. Ball, as though defying him to take up the cudgels *here*. It was a piercing look this time, and utterly wrecked the small remaining wits the poor little curate still possessed. He sank deeper into his chair, and thought longingly of the fate of Korah.

"He is such a *good young man*," he said at last, not feebly as one might imagine, but with more than ordinary loudness, born of his distraction. Alas! alas! why did Dulcinea choose a broken reed like him to be her lover's advocate? Oh! where were the chosen, honeyed words he had rehearsed in secret for this fatal interview? He sat covered with self-reproach, a sight to be pitied.

"Eh?" said the bishop, with a start, stirring uneasily in his chair. Something in his companion's mild but persistent praise seemed to rebuke him. Here was

a man who thought of nothing but the grandeur of moral worth; who looked upon position, wealth, social standing, as dross in comparison with it. He, the bishop of the diocese— who should be an example to his flock—sitting here, dealing altogether in worldly topics, such as the worth of money, was brought to bay by a poor curate who was mildly but righteously insisting on the worth of *goodness*.

"You know him intimately of course," said the bishop, after a short pause, alluding to Gerald Wygram. "You can give me an honest sketch of him as he appears to you. I have faith in your judgment; you have seen much of him, no doubt. As guardian to Miss Vane I am desirous of looking well into both sides of the question. Her happiness should be a first consideration. Now," leaning one elbow on the table and looking fixedly at the devoted curate, "give me your exact opinion of this young man."

A deadly silence followed. Now or never the unfortunate curate felt was the moment in which to break into laudatory phrases about Dulcinea's lover. But none would come. He opened his lips; he tried to focus his thoughts. In vain!

"I think I never met *so good a young man*," he said in a tone so solemn, it might have come from the dead. To the bishop the sound was earnest, to Dr. Ball it meant despair.

"Indeed, indeed!" said the former, who was fond of reiteration. He said it impatiently, and got up and began to pace the floor. He was a good-hearted man, and something within him seemed to warn him against forbidding the happiness of two people praised by the best man in his diocese. "It is a great responsibility," he said, striding slowly up and down the room. "He—this Mr. Wygram—has a bare subsistence, *no prospects*; and *she* has close upon £5,000 a year. She ought to marry a title. Her father was bent on it; he as good as said so to me just a month before his death. This, that you speak of, is not a thing to be lightly done. But you give me such a high character of Mr. Wygram—you have bestowed indeed such unqualified praise on both him and Miss Vane—that you make me hesitate about refusing my consent. Who am I, that I should take it upon me to make or mar two lives? You have no doubt in your mind about their suitability to each other, have you? You, who know them, you think highly of *both*?"

Again the bishop leaned towards him.

Again that concentrated gaze fell upon the luckless curate. Again he felt that he must speak when speech was denied him. The bishop was waiting. Oh, the agony of *knowing* he was waiting!

"I believe it would be hard to find two such *good* young people," he said at last; and then he covered his face with his hand, and felt that now indeed it was all over, and that he was on the verge of tears.

There was a long silence. Then — "Well, well, well," said the bishop, "I promise you to think it over. Worth, such as you have ascribed to this young man, should count before anything." It really did seem to the bishop that Dr. Ball had uttered unlimited words of commendation about Gerald Wygram. "And he is of good birth undoubtedly. That is always something, even nowadays. Yes, I'll think it over. When you return home, Dr. Ball, which," courteously, "I hope will not be for some time yet, tell Dulcinea from me, that I shall come and stay with her at the hall very soon for a day or so, to talk all this over, and that I shall ask Mr. Wygram here to study him a little, before giving my final decision. Tell her too" — with a kindly smile directed at the astonished curate — "that it was your hearty praise of Mr. Wygram that induced me to look into a matter that I cannot still help considering a little imprudent."

"This will be good news for Dulcinea, my lord," said the curate, finding his voice at last when it was too late. But was it too late?

"I hope it will continue to be good news all her life," said the bishop with a sigh. He knew he would be glad to get rid of his guardian duties, and for that very reason was afraid to get rid of them. "But now for another topic," he said cheerfully, laying his hand on the curate's shoulder. "You know the rector of Dreena is dead, and —" In fact he offered our little friend a rectory, with an income that quadrupled his present salary. But the doctor shrank from him when he mentioned it.

"Nay, my lord," he said, "give it to some better man."

"I couldn't," said the bishop.

"Give it to some better man," repeated the curate earnestly. "I could not leave my present place, indeed. They could not get on without me; they are, for the most part, so old and so cross. I beg you will leave me there, with my old men and women. They all know *me* and *I*

know them; and it is too late for me to begin the world afresh, with new faces and new interests."

The bishop said nothing further then, but he took his arm, and led him into the drawing-room, where presently he drew his wife aside, and told her all about it. After which, Mrs. Craik made a great deal of the little doctor, and treated him delicately, as if he was of extreme value: as indeed he was.

At the end of two days he went home, and told Dulcinea all the news, and she, on hearing it, took him round the neck and kissed him tenderly.

"I *knew* it," she said. "I *felt* it. Something told me you were the one person in the world to win my case for me. Dearest, sweetest, *loveliest* Dr. Ball, how shall I thank you?"

"My dear, if you only knew," faltered the doctor.

"I *do* know. Don't you think I can appreciate you after all these years? You are so clear, so convincing. You can come so directly to the point. You can say so much that is *good*."

"I can indeed," groaned the curate, desolated by dismal recollections. "The little I *did* say, was all 'good'!"

"I'm *sure* of it," gratefully. "Your fluency, you know, is your great point. How I should have liked to have heard you parrying successfully every one of that horrid old bishop's attacks upon my Gerald. But, indeed, it seems to me that I *can* hear you — running through all his good qualities (and what a number he has) in that nice, eloquent, self-possessed manner that belongs to you."

"Dulcinea, hear me," said the curate, in desperation; and then and there he made his confession. But he failed to convince Dulcinea; she steadfastly adhered to her belief that his eloquence alone had won the bishop's consent.

"And really he can't be such a *very* bad old man after all," she said, "or he would not be capable of appreciating real worth such as yours — would he, Gerald?" For Mr. Wygram had stolen up to them in the twilight, and secured the doctor's other arm. Miss Vane looked upon his right one in the light of a fee-simple property.

"It is the one redeeming point in his character," said Mr. Wygram promptly. "And another thing, Dulcie: nobody shall marry us but Dr. Ball. Eh?"

"Nobody, indeed," firmly.

"My dear girl, nonsense!" said the doctor. "You must have your rector, if

not the bishop himself. And—of course, by-the-by, being your guardian, it *will* be the bishop. I am a mere nobody. It would not do at all; and you, the most influential—that is, at least, the largest proprietor in the country round!"

"You may call yourself a 'nobody' or any other bad name you like," said Dulcinea earnestly, "but I can tell you this—no one but you shall ever make me Mrs. Gerald Wygram."

"Nothing shall alter that decision—not even the *archbishop*," said Mr. Wygram emphatically.

The doctor protested, but in his soul I think he was pleased, and went to bed that night as happy as I was going to say a king: but, indeed, I believe he went there ten times happier than that care-laden mortal.

And the morning brought him news. The old man, his rector, lay dead in an Italian town, and the bishop had appointed Dr. Ball as his successor. "So, you need not leave those happy old men and women who call you pastor," wrote the bishop kindly—almost tenderly.

So it was as rector, *not* as curate, he made his dear girl Dulcinea Wygram.

From The Nineteenth Century.
ON RAINBOWS.

BY PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

THE oldest historic reference to the rainbow is known to all: "I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth. . . . And the bow shall be in the cloud; and I shall look upon it, that I may remember the everlasting covenant between God and every living creature of all flesh that is upon the earth." To the sublime conceptions of the theologian succeeded the desire for exact knowledge characteristic of the man of science. Whatever its ultimate cause might have been, the proximate cause of the rainbow was physical, and the aim of science was to account for the bow on physical principles. Progress towards this consummation was very slow. Slowly the ancients mastered the principles of reflection. Still more slowly were the laws of refraction dug from the quarries in which nature had embedded them. I use this language, because the laws were incorporate in nature before they were discovered by man. Until the time of Alhazen, an Arabian mathematician, who lived at the beginning

of the twelfth century, the views entertained regarding refraction were utterly vague and incorrect. After Alhazen came Roger Bacon and Vitellio,* who made and recorded many observations and measurements on the subject of refraction. To them succeeded Kepler, who, taking the results tabulated by his predecessors, applied his amazing industry to extract from them their meaning—that is to say, to discover the physical principles which lay at their root. In this attempt he was less successful than in his astronomical labors. In 1604, Kepler published his "Supplement to Vitellio," in which he virtually acknowledged his defeat, by enunciating an approximate rule, instead of an all-satisfying natural law. The discovery of such a law, which constitutes one of the chief cornerstones of optical science, was made by Willebrord Snell, about 1621.†

A ray of light may, for our purposes, be presented to the mind as a luminous straight line. Let such a ray be supposed to fall vertically upon a perfectly calm water surface. The incidence, as it is called, is then perpendicular, and the ray goes through the water without deviation to the right or left. In other words, the ray in the air and the ray in the water form one continuous straight line. But the least deviation from the perpendicular causes the ray to be broken, or "refracted," at the point of incidence. What, then, is the law of refraction discovered by Snell? It is this, that no matter how the angle of incidence, and with it the angle of refraction, may vary, the relative magnitude of two lines, dependent on these angles, and called their sines, remains, for the same medium, perfectly unchanged. Measure, in other words, for various angles, each of these two lines with a scale, and divide the length of the longer one by that of the shorter; then, however the lines individually vary in length, the quotient yielded by this division remains absolutely the same. It is, in fact, what is called the index of refraction of the medium.

Science is an organic growth, and accurate measurements give coherence to the scientific organism. Were it not for the antecedent discovery of the law of sines, founded as it was on exact measure-

* Whewell (History of the Inductive Sciences, vol. i, p. 345) describes Vitellio as a Pole. His mother was a Pole; but Poggendorff (*Handwörterbuch d. exakten Wissenschaften*) claims Vitellio himself as a German, born in Thüringen. "Vitellio" is described as a corruption of Witelo.

† Born at Leyden 1591; died 1626.

ments, the rainbow could not have been explained. Again and again, moreover, the angular distance of the rainbow from the sun had been determined and found constant. In this divine remembrance there was no variableness. A line drawn from the sun to the rainbow, and another drawn from the rainbow to the observer's eye, always enclosed an angle of 41° . Whence this steadfastness of position — this inflexible adherence to a particular angle? Newton gave to De Dominis* the credit of the answer; but we really owe it to the genius of Descartes. He followed with his mind's eye the rays of light impinging on a raindrop. He saw them in part reflected from the outside surface of the drop. He saw them refracted on entering the drop, reflected from its back, and again refracted on their emergence. Descartes was acquainted with the law of Snell, and taking up his pen he calculated, by means of that law, the whole course of the rays. He proved that the vast majority of them escaped from the drop as *divergent* rays, and, on this account, soon became so enfeebled as to produce no sensible effect upon the eye of an observer. At one particular angle, however — namely, the angle of 41° aforesaid — they emerged in a practically parallel sheaf. In their union was strength, for it was this particular sheaf which carried the light of the "primary" rainbow to the eye.

There is a certain form of emotion called intellectual pleasure, which may be excited by poetry, literature, nature, or art. But I doubt whether among the pleasures of the intellect there is any more pure and concentrated than that experienced by the scientific man when a difficulty which has challenged the human mind for ages melts before his eyes, and recrystallizes as an illustration of natural law. This pleasure was doubtless experienced by Descartes when he succeeded in placing upon its true physical basis the most splendid meteor of our atmosphere. Descartes showed, moreover, that the "secondary bow" was produced when the rays of light underwent two reflections within the drop, and two refractions at the points of incidence and emergence.

It is said that Descartes behaved ungenerously to Snell — that, though ac-

quainted with the unpublished papers of the learned Dutchman, he failed to acknowledge his indebtedness. On this I will not dwell, for I notice on the part of the public a tendency, at all events in some cases, to emphasize such shortcomings. The temporary weakness of a great man is often taken as a sample of his whole character. The spot upon the sun usurps the place of his "surpassing glory." This is not unfrequent, but it is nevertheless unfair.

Descartes proved that according to the principles of refraction, a circular band of light must appear in the heavens exactly where the rainbow is seen. But how are the colors of the bow to be accounted for? Here his penetrative mind came to the very verge of the solution, but the limits of knowledge at the time barred his further progress. He connected the colors of the rainbow with those produced by a prism; but then these latter needed explanation just as much as the colors of the bow itself. The solution, indeed, was not possible until the composite nature of white light had been demonstrated by Newton. Applying the law of Snell to the different colors of the spectrum, Newton proved that the primary bow must consist of a series of concentric circular bands, the largest of which is red, and the smallest violet; while in the secondary bow these colors must be reversed. The main secret of the rainbow, if I may use such language, was thus revealed.

I have said that each color of the rainbow is carried to the eye by a sheaf of approximately parallel rays. But what determines this parallelism? Here our real difficulties begin, but they are to be surmounted by attention. Let us endeavor to follow the course of the solar rays before and after they impinge upon a spherical drop of water. Take first of all the ray that passes through the centre of the drop. This particular ray strikes the back of the drop as a perpendicular, its reflected portion returning along its own course. Take another ray close to this central one and parallel to it — for the sun's rays when they reach the earth are parallel. When this second ray enters the drop it is refracted; on reaching the back of the drop it is there reflected, being a second time refracted on its emergence from the drop. Here the incident and the emergent rays enclose a small angle with each other. Take again a third ray a little further from the central one than the last. The drop will act upon it as it acted upon its neighbor, the inci-

* Archbishop of Spalatro, and primate of Dalmatia. Fleed to England about 1616; became a Protestant, and was made Dean of Windsor. Returned to Italy and resumed his Catholicism; but was handed over to the Inquisition, and died in prison. (Poggendorff's Biographical Dictionary.)

dent and emergent rays enclosing in this instance a larger angle than before. As we retreat further from the central ray the enlargement of this angle continues up to a certain point, where it reaches a maximum, after which further retreat from the central ray diminishes the angle. Now, a maximum resembles the ridge of a hill, or a watershed, from which the land falls in a slope at each side. In the case before us the divergence of the rays when they quit the raindrop would be represented by the steepness of the slope. On the top of the watershed — that is to say, in the neighborhood of our maximum — is a kind of summit level, where the slope for some distance almost disappears. But the disappearance of the slope indicates, in the case of our raindrop, the absence of divergence. Hence we find that at our maximum, and close to it, there issues from the drop a sheaf of rays which are nearly, if not quite, parallel to each other. These are the so-called "effective rays" of the rainbow.*

Let me here point to a series of measurements which will illustrate the gradual augmentation of the deflection just referred to until it reaches its maximum, and its gradual diminution at the other side of the maximum. The measures correspond to a series of angles of incidence which augment by steps of ten degrees.

<i>i</i>	<i>d</i>	<i>i</i>	<i>d</i>
10°	10°	60°	42° 28'
20°	19° 36'	70°	39° 48'
30°	28° 20'	80°	31° 4'
40°	35° 36'	90°	15°
50°	40° 40'		

The figures in the column *i* express these angles, while under *d* we have in each case the accompanying deviation, or the angle enclosed by the incident and emergent rays. It will be seen that as the angle *i* increases, the deviation also increases up to 42° 28', after which, although the angle of incidence goes on augmenting, the deviation becomes less. The maximum 42° 28' corresponds to an inci-

* There is, in fact, a bundle of rays near the maximum, which, when they enter the drop, are converged by refraction almost exactly to the same point at its back. If the convergence were quite exact, then the symmetry of the liquid sphere would cause the rays to quit the drop as they entered it — that is to say, perfectly parallel. But inasmuch as the convergence is not quite exact, the parallelism after emergence is only approximate. The emergent rays cut each other at extremely sharp angles, thus forming a "caustic" which has for its asymptote the ray of maximum deviation. In the secondary bow we have to deal with a minimum, instead of a maximum, the crossing of the incident and emergent rays producing the observed reversal of the colors.

dence of 60°, but in reality at this point we have already passed, by a small quantity, the exact maximum, which occurs between 58° and 59°. Its amount is 42° 30'. This deviation corresponds to the red band of the rainbow. In a precisely similar manner the other colors rise to their maximum, and fall on passing beyond it; the maximum for the violet band being 40° 30'. The entire width of the primary rainbow is therefore 2°, part of this width being due to the angular magnitude of the sun.

We have thus revealed to us the geometric construction of the rainbow. But though the step here taken by Descartes and Newton was a great one, it left the theory of the bow incomplete. Within the rainbow proper, in certain conditions of the atmosphere, are seen a series of richly colored zones, which were not explained by either Descartes or Newton. They are said to have been first described by Mariotte,* and they long challenged explanation. At this point our difficulties thicken, but, as before, they are to be overcome by attention. It belongs to the very essence of a maximum, approached continuously on both sides, that on the two sides of it pairs of equal value may be found. The maximum density of water, for example, is 39° Fahrenheit. Its density when 5° colder, and when 5° warmer, than this maximum is the same. So also with regard to the slopes of our watershed. A series of pairs of points of the same elevation can be found upon the two sides of the ridge; and, in the case of the rainbow, on the two sides of the maximum deviation we have a succession of pairs of rays having the same deflection. Such rays travel along the same line, and add their forces together after they quit the drop. But light, thus reinforced by the coalescence of non-divergent rays, ought to reach the eye. It does so; and were light what it was once supposed to be — a flight of minute particles sent by luminous bodies through space — then these pairs of equally deflected rays would diffuse brightness over a large portion of the area within the primary bow. But inasmuch as light consists of waves and not of particles, the principle of interference comes into play, in virtue of which waves can alternately reinforce and destroy each other. Were the distance passed over, by the two corresponding rays within the

* Prior of St. Martin-sous-Beaune, near Dijon. Member of the French Academy of Sciences. Died in Paris, May, 1684.

drop, the same, they would emerge as they entered. But in no case are the distances the same. The consequence is that when the rays emerge from the drop they are in a condition either to support or to destroy each other. By such alternate reinforcement and destruction, which occur at different places for different colors, the colored zones are produced within the primary bow. They are called "supernumerary bows," and are seen, not only within the primary but sometimes also outside the secondary bow. The condition requisite for their production is, that the drops which constitute the shower shall all be of nearly the same size. When the drops are of different sizes, we have a confused superposition of the different colors, an approximation to white light being the consequence. This second step in the explanation of the rainbow was taken by a man the quality of whose genius resembled that of Descartes or Newton, and who eighty-two years ago was appointed professor of natural philosophy in the Royal Institution of Great Britain. I refer, of course, to the illustrious Thomas Young.*

But our task is not, even now, complete. The finishing touch to the explanation of the rainbow was given by our last, eminent, astronomer royal, Sir George Airy. Bringing the knowledge possessed by the founders of the undulatory theory, and that gained by subsequent workers, to bear upon the question, Sir George Airy showed that, though Young's general principles were unassailable, his calculations were sometimes wide of the mark. It was proved by Airy that the curve of maximum illumination in the rainbow does not quite coincide with the geometric curve of Descartes and Newton. He also extended our knowledge of the supernumerary bows, and corrected the positions which Young had assigned to them. Finally, Professor Miller, of Cambridge, and Dr. Galle, of Berlin, illustrated by careful measurements with the theodolite the agreement which exists between the theory of Airy and the facts of observation. Thus, from Descartes to Airy, the intellectual force expended in the elucidation of the rainbow, though broken up into distinct personalities, might be regarded as that of an individual artist, engaged throughout this time in lovingly contemplating, revising, and perfecting his work.

* Young's Works, edited by Peacock, vol. i., pp. 185, 293, 357.

We have thus cleared the ground for the series of experiments which constitute the subject of this discourse. During our brief residence in the Alps this year, we were favored with some weather of matchless perfection; but we had also our share of foggy and drizzly weather. On the night of the 22nd of September, the atmosphere was especially dark and thick. At 9 P.M. I opened a door at the end of a passage and looked out into the gloom. Behind me hung a small lamp, by which the shadow of my body was cast upon the fog. Such a shadow I had often seen, but in the present case it was accompanied by an appearance which I had not previously seen. Swept through the darkness round the shadow, and far beyond, not only its boundary, but also beyond that of the illuminated fog, was a pale, white, luminous circle, complete except at the point where it was cut through by the shadow. As I walked out into the fog, this curious halo went in advance of me. Had not my demerits been so well known to me, I might have accepted the phenomenon as an evidence of canonization. Benvenuto Cellini saw something of the kind surrounding his shadow, and ascribed it forthwith to supernatural favor. I varied the position and intensity of the lamp, and found even a candle sufficient to render the luminous band visible. With two crossed laths I roughly measured the angle subtended by the radius of the circle, and found it to be practically the angle which had riveted the attention of Descartes — namely, 41° . This and other facts led me to suspect that the halo was a circular rainbow. A week subsequently, the air being in a similar misty condition, the luminous circle was well seen from another door, the lamp which produced it standing on a table behind me.

It is not, however, necessary to go to the Alps to witness this singular phenomenon. Amid the heather of Hind Head I have had erected a hut, to which I escape when my brain needs rest or my muscles lack vigor. The hut has two doors, one opening to the north and the other to the south, and in it we have been able to occupy ourselves pleasantly and profitably during the recent misty weather. Removing the shade from a small petroleum lamp, and placing the lamp behind me, as I stood in either doorway, the luminous circles surrounding my shadow on different nights were very remarkable. Sometimes they were best to the north, and sometimes the reverse, the difference depending for the most part on the direction

of the wind. On Christmas night the atmosphere was particularly good-natured. It was filled with true fog, through which, however, descended palpably an extremely fine rain. Both to the north and to the south of the hut the luminous circles were on this occasion specially bright and well-defined. They were, as I have said, swept through the fog far beyond its illuminated area, and it was the darkness against which they were projected which enabled them to shed so much apparent light. The "effective rays," therefore, which entered the eye in this observation gave direction, but not distance, so that the circles appeared to come from a portion of the atmosphere which had nothing to do with their production. When the lamp was taken out into the fog, the illumination of the medium almost obliterated the halo. Once educated, the eye could trace it, but it was toned down almost to vanishing. There is some advantage, therefore, in possessing a hut, on a moor or on a mountain, having doors which limit the area of fog illuminated.

I have now to refer to another phenomenon which is but rarely seen, and which I had an opportunity of witnessing on Christmas Day. The mist and drizzle in the early morning had been very dense; a walk before breakfast caused my somewhat fluffy pilot dress to be covered with minute water-globules, which, against the dark background underneath, suggested the bloom of a plum. As the day advanced, the south-eastern heaven became more luminous; and the pale disk of the sun was at length seen struggling through drifting clouds. At ten o'clock the sun had become fairly victorious, the heather was adorned by pendent drops, while certain branching grasses, laden with liquid pearls, presented, in the sunlight, an appearance of exquisite beauty. Walking across the common to the Portsmouth road, my wife and I, on reaching it, turned our faces sunwards. The smoke-like fog had vanished, but its disappearance was accompanied, or perhaps caused, by the coalescence of its minuter particles into little globules, visible where they caught the light at a proper angle, but not otherwise. They followed every eddy of the air, upwards, downwards, and from side to side. Their extreme mobility was well calculated to suggest a notion prevalent on the Continent, that the particles of a fog, instead of being full droplets, are really little bladders or vesicles. Clouds are supposed to owe their power of flotation to this cause. This vesicular theory

never struck root in England; nor has it, I apprehend, any foundation in fact.

As I stood in the midst of these eddying specks, so visible to the eye, yet so small and light as to be perfectly impalpable to the skin both of hands and face, I remarked, "These particles must surely yield a bow of some kind." Turning my back to the sun, I stooped down so as to keep well within the layer of particles, which I supposed to be a shallow one, and, looking towards the "Devil's Punch Bowl," saw the anticipated phenomenon. A bow without color spanned the Punch Bowl, and, though white and pale, was well defined, and exhibited an aspect of weird grandeur. Once or twice I fancied a faint ruddiness could be discerned on its outer boundary. The stooping was not necessary, and as we walked along the new Portsmouth road, with the Punch Bowl to our left, the white arch marched along with us. At a certain point we ascended to the old Portsmouth road, whence with a flat space of very dark heather in the foreground, we watched the bow. The sun had then become strong, and the sky above us blue, nothing which could in any proper sense be called rain existing at the time in the atmosphere. Suddenly my companion exclaimed, "I see the whole circle meeting at my feet!" At the same moment the circle became visible to me also. It was the darkness of our immediate foreground that enabled us to see the lower half of the pale luminous band projected against it. We walked round Hind Head Common with the bow almost always in view. Its crown sometimes disappeared, showing that the minute globules which produced it did not extend to any great height in the atmosphere. In such cases, two shining buttresses were left behind, which, had not the bow been previously seen, would have lacked all significance. In some of the combes, or valleys, where the floating particles had collected in greater numbers, the end of the bow plunging into the combe emitted a light of more than the usual brightness. During our walk, the bow was broken and reformed several times; and, had it not been for our previous experience, both in the Alps and at Hind Head, it might well have escaped attention. What this white bow lost in beauty and intensity, as compared with the ordinary colored bow, was more than atoned for by its weirdness and its novelty to both observers.

The white rainbow (*l'arc-en-ciel blanc*) was first described by the Spaniard Don

Antonio de Ulloa, lieutenant of the Company of Gentleman Guards of the Marine. By order of the king of Spain, Don Jorge Juan and Ulloa made an expedition to South America, an account of which is given in two amply illustrated quarto volumes, to be found in the library of the Royal Institution. The bow was observed from the summit of the mountain Pambamarca, in Peru. The angle subtended by its radius was $33^{\circ} 30'$, which is considerably less than the angle subtended by the radius of the ordinary bow. Between the phenomenon observed by us on Christmas Day, and that described by Ulloa, there are some points of difference. In his case fog of sufficient density existed to enable the shadows of him and his six companions to be seen, each, however, only by the person whose body cast the shadow, while around the head of each were observed those zones of color which characterize the "spectre of the Brocken." In our case no shadows were to be seen, for there was no fog-screen on which they could be cast. This implies also the absence of the zones of color observed by Ulloa.

The white rainbow has been explained in various ways. A learned Frenchman, M. Bravais, who has written much on the optical phenomena of the atmosphere, and who can claim the additional recommendation of being a distinguished mountaineer, has sought to connect the bow with the vesicular theory to which I have just referred. This theory, however, is more than doubtful, and it is not necessary.* The genius of Thomas Young throws light upon this subject as upon so many others. He showed that the whiteness of the bow was a direct consequence of the smallness of the drops which produce it. In fact, the wafted water-specks seen by us upon Hind Head† were the very kind needed for the production of the phenomenon. But the observations of Ulloa place his white bow distinctly *within* the arc that would be occupied by the ordinary rainbow — that is to say, in the region of supernumeraries; and by the action of the supernumeraries upon each other Ulloa's bow was accounted for by Thomas Young. The smaller the drops

* The vesicular theory was combated very ably in France by the Abbé Raillard, who has also given an interesting analysis of the rainbow at the end of his translation of my "Notes on Light."

† Had our refuge in the Alps been built on the southern side of the valley of the Rhine, so as to enable us to look with the sun behind us into the valley and across it, we should, I think, have frequently seen the white bow; whereas on the opposite mountain slope, which faces the sun, we have never seen it.

the broader are the zones of the supernumerary bows, and Young proved by calculation that when the drops have a diameter of $\frac{1}{3000}$ th or $\frac{1}{4000}$ th of an inch, the bands overlap each other, and produce white light by their mixture. Unlike the geometric bow, the radius of the white bow varies within certain limits, which M. Bravais shows to be $33^{\circ} 30'$ and $41^{\circ} 46'$ respectively. In the latter case the white bow is the ordinary bow deprived of its color by the smallness of the drops. In all the other cases it is produced by the action of the supernumeraries.

The physical investigator desires not only to observe natural phenomena but to re-create them — to bring them, that is, under the dominion of experiment. From observation we learn what nature is willing to reveal. In experimenting we place her in the witness-box, cross-examine her, and extract from her knowledge in excess of that which would, or could, be spontaneously given. Accordingly, on my return from Switzerland last October, I sought to reproduce in the laboratory the effects observed among the mountains. My first object, therefore, was to obtain artificially a mixture of fog and drizzle like that observed from the door of our cottage. A strong cylindrical copper boiler, sixteen inches high, and twelve inches in diameter, was nearly filled with water, and heated by gas flames until steam of twenty pounds pressure was produced. A valve at the top of the boiler was then opened, when the steam issued violently into the atmosphere, carrying droplets of water mechanically along with it, and condensing above to droplets of a similar kind. A fair imitation of the Alpine atmosphere was thus produced. After a few tentative experiments, the luminous circle was brought into view, and having once got hold of it, the next step was to enhance its intensity. Oil lamps, the lime-light, and the naked electric light were tried in succession, the source of rays being placed in one room, the boiler in another, while the observer stood, with his back to the light, between them. It is not, however, necessary to dwell upon these first experiments, surpassed as they were by the arrangements subsequently adopted. My mode of proceeding was this. The electric light being placed in a camera with a condensing lens in front, the position of the lens was so fixed as to produce a beam sufficiently broad to clasp the whole of my head, and leave an aureole of light around it. It being desirable to lessen as much as possible the foreign

light entering the eye, the beam was received upon a distant black surface, and it was easy to move the head until its shadow occupied the centre of the illuminated area. To secure the best effect it was found necessary to stand close to the boiler, so as to be immersed in the fog and drizzle. The fog, however, was soon discovered to be a mere nuisance. Instead of enhancing, it blurred the effect, and I therefore sought to abolish it. Allowing the steam to issue for a few seconds from the boiler, on closing the valve, the cloud rapidly melted away, leaving behind it a host of minute liquid spherules floating in the beam. A beautiful circular rainbow was instantly swept through the air in front of the observer. The primary bow was duly attended by its secondary, with the colors, as usual, reversed. The opening of the valve for a single second causes the bows to flash forth. Thus, twenty times in succession, puffs can be allowed to issue from the boiler, every puff being followed by this beautiful meteor. The bows produced by single puffs are evanescent, because the little globules rapidly disappear. Greater permanence is secured when the valve is left open for an interval sufficient to discharge a copious amount of drizzle into the air.*

Many other appliances for producing a fine rain have been tried, but a reference to two of them will suffice. The rose of a watering-pot naturally suggests a means of producing a shower; and on the principle of the rose I had some spray-producers constructed. In each case the outer surface was convex, the thin convex metal plate being pierced by orifices too small to be seen by the naked eye. Small as they are, fillets of very sensible magnitude issue from the orifices, but at some distance below the spray-producer the fillets shake themselves asunder and form a fine rain. The small orifices are very liable to get clogged by the particles suspended in London water. In experiments with the rose, filtered water was therefore resorted to. A large vessel was

mounted on the roof of the Royal Institution, from the bottom of which descended vertically a piece of compo-tubing, an inch in diameter and about twenty feet long. By means of proper screw fittings, a single rose, or, when it is desired to increase the magnitude or density of the shower, a group of two, three, or four roses, is attached to the end of the compo-tube. From these, on the turning on of a cock, the rain descends. The circular bows produced by such rain are far richer in color than those produced by the smaller globules of the condensed steam. To see the effect in all its beauty and completeness, it is necessary to stand well within the shower, not outside of it. A waterproof coat and cap are therefore needed, to which a pair of goloshes may be added with advantage. A person standing outside the beam may see bits of both primary and secondary in the places fixed by their respective angles; but the colors are washy and unimpressive, while within the shower, with the shadow of the head occupying its proper position on the screen, the brilliancy of the effect is extraordinary. The primary clothes itself in the richest tints, while the secondary, though less vivid, shows its colors in surprising strength and purity.

But the primary bow is accompanied by appearances calculated to attract and rivet attention almost more than the bow itself. I have already mentioned the existence of effective rays over and above those which go to form the geometric bow. They fall within the primary, and, to use the words of Thomas Young, "would exhibit a continued diffusion of fainter light, but for the general law of interference which divides the light into concentric rings." One could almost wish for the opportunity of showing Young how literally his words are fulfilled, and how beautifully his theory is illustrated, by these artificial circular rainbows. For here the space within the primaries is swept by concentric supernumerary bands, colored like the rainbow, and growing gradually narrower as they retreat from the primary. These spurious bows, as they are sometimes called,* which constitute one of the most splendid illustrations of the principle of interference, are separated from each other by zones of darkness, where the light waves, on being added together, destroy each other. I have counted as many as eight of these beautiful bands, concentric with the true pri-

* It is perhaps worth noting here, that when the camera and lens are used, the beam which sends its "effective rays" to the eye may not be more than a foot in width, while the circular bow engendered by these rays may be, to all appearance, fifteen or twenty feet in diameter. In such a beam, indeed, the drops which produce the bow must be very near the eye, for rays from the more distant drops would not attain the required angle. The apparent distance of the circular bow is often great in comparison with that of the originating drops. Both distance and diameter may be made to undergo variations. In the rainbow we do not see a localized object, but receive a luminous impression, which is often transferred to a portion of the field of view far removed from the bow's origin.

* A term, I confess, not to my liking.

mary. The supernumeraries are formed next to the most refrangible color of the bow, and therefore occur *within* the primary circle. But in the secondary bow, the violet, or most refrangible color, is on the *outside*; and, following the violet of the secondary, I have sometimes counted as many as five spurious bows. Some notion may be formed of the intensity of the primary, when the secondary is able to produce effects of this description.

An extremely handy spray-producer is that employed to moisten the air in the Houses of Parliament. A fillet of water, issuing under strong pressure from a small orifice, impinges on a little disk, placed at a distance of about one-twentieth of an inch from the orifice. On striking the disk, the water spreads laterally, and breaks up into exceedingly fine spray. Here also I have used the spray-producer both singly and in groups, the latter arrangement being resorted to when showers of special breadth and density were required. In regard to primaries, secondaries, and supernumeraries, extremely brilliant effects have been obtained with this form of spray-producer. The quantity of water called upon being much less than that required by the rose, the fillet-and-disk instrument produces less flooding of the locality where the experiments are made. In this latter respect, the steam spray is particularly handy. A puff of two seconds' duration suffices to bring out the bows, the subsequent shower being so light as to render the use of waterproof clothing unnecessary. In other cases, the inconvenience of flooding may be avoided to a great extent by turning on the spray for a short time only, and then cutting off the supply of water. The vision of the bow being, however, proportionate to the duration of the shower, will, when the shower is brief, be evanescent. Hence, when quiet and continued contemplation of all the phenomena is desired, the observer must make up his mind to brave the rain.*

In one important particular the spray-producer last described commends itself to our attention. With it we can operate on substances more costly than water, and obtain rainbows from liquids of the most various refractive indices. To extend the field of experiment in this direction, the following arrangement has been devised: A strong cylindrical iron bottle, wholly or partly filled with the liquid to

be experimented on, is tightly closed by a brass cap. Through the cap passes a metal tube, soldered air-tight where it crosses the cap, and ending near the bottom of the iron bottle. To the free end of this tube is attached the spray-producer. A second tube passes also through the cap, but ends above the surface of the liquid. This second tube, which is long and flexible, is connected with a larger iron bottle, containing compressed air. Hoisting the small bottle to a convenient height, the tap of the larger bottle is carefully opened, the air passes through the flexible tube to the smaller bottle, exerts its pressure upon the surface of the liquid therein contained, drives it up the other tube, and causes it to impinge with any required degree of force against the disk of the spray-producer. From this it falls in a fine rain. A great many liquids, including colored ones,* have been tested by this arrangement, and very remarkable results have been obtained. I will confine myself here to a reference to two liquids, which commend themselves on account of their cheapness and of the brilliancy of their effects. Spirit of turpentine, forced from the iron bottle, and caused to fall in a fine shower, produces a circular bow of extraordinary intensity and depth of color. With paraffine oil or petroleum a similar effect is obtained.

Spectrum analysis, as generally understood, occupies itself with atomic, or molecular, action, but physical spectrum analysis may be brought to bear upon our falling showers. I asked myself whether a composite shower — that is to say, one produced by the mingled spray of two or more liquids — could not be analyzed and made to declare its constituents by the production of the circular rainbows proper to the respective liquids. This was found to be the case. In the ordinary rainbow the narrowest color-band is produced by its most refrangible light. In general, the greater the refraction, the smaller will be the bow. Now, as spirit of turpentine and paraffine are both more refractive than water, I thought it probable that in a mixed shower of water and paraffine, or water and turpentine, the smaller and more luminous circle of the latter ought to be seen within the larger circle of the former. The result was exactly in accordance with this anticipation. Beginning with water, and producing its two bows, and then allowing the turpentine to

*The rays which form the artificial bow emerge, as might be expected, polarized from the drops.

* Rose-aniline, dissolved in alcohol, produces a splendid bow, with specially broad supernumeraries.

shower down and mingle with the water, within the large and beautifully colored water-wheel, the more richly colored circle of the turpentine makes its appearance. Or, beginning with turpentine, and forming its concentrated iris; on turning on the water-spray, though to the eye the shower seems absolutely homogeneous, its true character is instantly declared by the flashing out of the larger concentric aqueous bow. The water primary is accompanied by its secondary close at hand. Associated, moreover, with all the bows, primary and secondary, are the supernumeraries which belong to them; and a more superb experimental illustration of optical principles it would be hardly possible to witness. It is not the less impressive because extracted from the simple combination of a beam of light and a shower of rain.

In the "Philosophical Transactions" for 1835, the late Colonel Sykes gave a vivid description of a circular solar rainbow, observed by him in India, during periods when fogs and mists were prevalent in the chasms of the Ghâts of the Deccan.

It was during such periods that I had several opportunities of witnessing that singular phenomenon, the circular rainbow, which, from its rareness, is spoken of as a possible occurrence only. The stratum of fog from the Kon-kun on some occasions rose somewhat above the level of the top of a precipice forming the north-west scarp of the hill fort of Hurreechundurghur, from 2,000 to 3,000 feet perpendicular, without coming over upon the table-land. I was placed at the edge of the precipice just without the limits of the fog, and with a cloudless sun at my back at a very low elevation. Under such a combination of favorable circumstances, the circular rainbow appeared quite perfect, of the most vivid colors, one half above the level on which I stood, the other half below it. Shadows in distinct outline of myself, my horse, and people appeared in the centre of the circle as a picture, to which the bow formed a resplendent frame. My attendants were incredulous that the figures they saw under such extraordinary circumstances could be their own shadows, and they tossed their arms and legs about, and put their bodies into various postures, to be assured of the fact by the corresponding movements of the objects within the circle; and it was some little time ere the superstitious feeling with which the spectacle was viewed wore off. From our proximity to the fog, I believe the diameter of the circle at no time exceeded fifty or sixty feet. The brilliant circle was accompanied by the usual outer bow in fainter colors.

Mr. E. Colborne Baber, an accomplished and intrepid traveller, has recently en-

riched the "Transactions" of the Royal Geographical Society by a paper of rare merit, in which his travels in western China are described. He made there the ascent of Mount O, an eminence of great celebrity. Its height is about eleven thousand feet above the sea, and it is flanked on one side by a cliff "a good deal more than a mile in height." From the edge of this cliff, which is guarded by posts and chains, you look into an abyss, and if fortune, or rather the mists, favor you, you see there a miracle, which is thus described by Mr. Baber: —

Naturally enough it is with some trepidation that pilgrims approach this fearsome brink, but they are drawn to it by the hope of beholding the mysterious apparition known as the "Fo-Kuang," or "Glory of Buddha," which floats in mid-air, half-way down. So many eye-witnesses had told me of this wonder, that I could not doubt; but I gazed long and steadfastly into the gulf without success, and came away disappointed, but not incredulous. It was described to me as a circle of brilliant and many-colored radiance, broken on the outside with quick flashes and surrounding a central disc as bright as the sun, but more beautiful. Devout Buddhists assert that it is an emanation from the aureole of Buddha, and a visible sign of the holiness of Mount O.

Impossible as it may be deemed, the phenomenon does really exist. I suppose no better evidence could be desired for the attestation of a Buddhist miracle than that of a Baptist missionary, unless, indeed, it be, as in this case, that of two Baptist missionaries. Two gentlemen of that persuasion have ascended the mountain since my visit, and have seen the Glory of Buddha several times. They relate that it resembles a golden sun-like disc, enclosed in a ring of prismatic colors more closely blended than in the rainbow. . . . The missionaries inform me that it was about three o'clock in the afternoon, near the middle of August, when they saw the meteor, and that it was only visible when the precipice was more or less clothed in mist. It appeared to lie on the surface of the mist, and was always in the direction of a line drawn from the sun through their heads, as is certified by the fact that the shadow of their heads was seen on the meteor. They could get their heads out of the way, so to speak, by stooping down, but are not sure if they could do so by stepping aside. Each spectator, however, could see the shadows of the bystanders as well as his own projected on to the appearance. They did not observe any rays spreading from it. The central disc, they think, is a reflected image of the sun, and the enclosing ring is a rainbow. The ring was in thickness about one-fourth of the diameter of the disc, and distant from it by about the same extent; but the recollection of one informant was that the ring touched the disc, without any intervening space. The shadow of a head,

when thrown upon it, covered about one-eighth of the whole diameter of the meteor. The rainbow ring was not quite complete in its lower part, but they attribute this to the interposition of the edge of the precipice. They see no reason why the appearance should not be visible at night when the moon is brilliant and appositely placed. They profess themselves to have been a good deal surprised, but not startled, by the spectacle. They would consider it remarkable rather than astonishing, and are disposed to call it a very impressive phenomenon.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Baber failed to see the "Glory," and that we in consequence miss his own description of it. There seems a slight inadvertence in the statement that the head could be got out of the way by stooping; for, as long as the "Glory" remained a circle, the shadow of the head must have occupied its centre. Stepping aside would simply displace the bow, but not abolish the shadow.

Thus, starting from the first faint circle seen drawn through the thick darkness at Alp Lusgen, we have steadily followed and developed our phenomenon, and ended by rendering the "Glory of Buddha" a captive of the laboratory. The result might be taken as typical of larger things.

From Temple Bar.
"OLD MR. BINNEY."

ALL their friends had said, when Mrs. Binney died, "Now what a good thing it would be if old Mr. Binney would but marry Miss Bright!"

Mr. Binney was an elderly gentleman retired from the profession of the law on a comfortable income, derived from his own exertions. In early days he had known the pinch of poverty, and, determined that no one should share these struggles, he had put off marrying until he could keep a wife in comfort.

But, as often happens when the choice is delayed, the lady whom he selected, although in many other respects a truly worthy woman, was at heart and in habit a nip-cheese.

Forced by necessity while single to make a good appearance on very small means, Mrs. Binney when married could not forget her habits of economy, and she practised them so persistently, that, instead of the social circle of friends and neighbours whose centre Mr. Binney had promised himself his house should be, the old people were thrown very much on

their own resources, and, as time went on and ailments increased, the home was the reverse of cheerful.

"What can they be saving for?" every one said, and no one protested half as indignantly against the little acts of meanness reported, as the two most certain to benefit from them, namely, Mr. Binney's nephew Joe and his pretty young wife Sally. "Whenever I can get the old gentleman here," said Sally, "I stuff him with everything I can think of, because there is no knowing when he may get anything good again; and the poor old dear does enjoy it so!" And Joe used to tell a story of coming back from his office unexpectedly, to find Sally plying Uncle Binney with orange brandy, asserting that it was "almost all juice and peel, with hardly any spirit in it."

However that might be, it put some spirit into Uncle Binney, for about nine o'clock that same night the maid arrived to ask if master was there, as he had not been back to dinner, and mistress was in "a terrible way about him."

Full of alarm, Joe set off to inquire how he could assist in the search, but, the house reached, it was found that the culprit had returned. "I—I took it into my head that I'd dine at my club," he said. "That's all, my dear — why what a fuss to have made about nothing!"

"That was your orange brandy," said Joe, when he got back to Sally. "You'd better be careful, Sally, or I shall have you hauled up for demoralizing your respected uncle."

"I don't care," said Sally recklessly, "I shall give him some more when he comes again; he's a different man after he has been here half an hour. Do you know, Joe, when he likes he can be most agreeable: he told us stories to-day, and made jokes, and was as nice as possible; now wasn't he, Miss Bright?"

Miss Bright, the lady appealed to, was one of those cheerful, kindly beings who, because they are the favorites of every one they meet, are looked rather askant on by Dame Fortune.

Miss Bright had not been without her troubles, and very hard ones they had been too, but she bore them with a brave heart, and carried a smiling face, and had a thankful spirit within her striving always to remember her blessings, and how much they outnumbered any evils she was called upon to bear.

Indeed, to listen to Miss Bright's showing, you would have counted her as one of the luckiest persons ever born. She had

had the kindest of friends, the most comfortable of situations, and the girls she had taught were endowed with an amiability of disposition which made it a positive pleasure to be with them. The only accusation she could bring against them was, that they were all in such a terrible hurry to grow up and get married, and then Miss Bright's occupation was gone, and she had to step out into the world and find a fresh field for her labors.

As years rolled on, each one adding to the score of Miss Bright's age, these hunting-grounds of instruction became more and more narrowed. Children of eight began now where girls of eighteen used to leave off, and history and geography, to say nothing of the parts of speech and grammar, were all so altered, that poor little Miss Bright had to acknowledge that at times she really did feel quite confused. "Very soon I shan't be left with anything to teach," she would say pathetically, and then Joe, or some other good fellow who heard her, would declare she should set up a school for wives, for there never were such wives as the girls whom Miss Bright had brought up. "She had taught Sally and her sister, and though since then she had had other situations, at holiday time, or whenever she was seeking employment, she always returned to the house of Dr. Brendon, their father, who regretted that he and his wife could not afford to keep her altogether.

When Mr. Binney dropped in, as he frequently did, to inquire after his old friends the Brendons, he from time to time found Miss Bright there, and happening on the occasion of one of her visits to bring the news that Mrs. Binney was ill, with no one whose business it seemed to be to look after her, nothing was more natural than that Miss Bright should volunteer, and a great comfort they found her.

So sprightly yet unobtrusive was the cheery little woman, that Mrs. Binney herself was influenced in her favor, until, with an eye to their mutual comfort, Mr. Binney proposed Miss Bright staying with them altogether. "Why not?" he said. "We could well afford to pay her a salary." But this word *salary*, acting like magic on Mrs. Binney, seemed to bring her to her senses immediately. She would be very glad to have Miss Bright as a visitor as long as she liked to stay, but as to living with them altogether, "No!" she would not give her consent to that; she had always objected to hav-

ing in her house a third party. So, with the quick perceptions of a delicate nature, Miss Bright, seeing how matters stood, soon took her departure; this time to try daily teaching, and her report was that the experiment was successful. For a few years all ran smoothly, and then—though this time she had begun with quite young children—the tiresome little monkeys would grow so, that the boys were ready for public schools, and the girls for more advanced education, and alas! there did not seem anybody else to replace them. It was then that Miss Bright's friends pulled very long faces indeed,—what would she do? they asked her.

"Oh, something is sure to turn up," she would say hopefully. "Whenever I have come to my last ebb, an opening has been made for me, so I am not going to despair now."

And she said this all the more emphatically, because in spite of her confidence she could not help feeling that her heart had never seemed to sink quite so low before, and a voice, which she could not still, kept repeating, "What will you do when you grow older?—teaching will get harder than ever." That was true enough, but what else was there for her to do?

When Mrs. Binney died, which happened quite suddenly about a year before, there had been some talk as to Miss Bright going to Mr. Binney as house-keeper, but this proposition had been made without the knowledge or consent of the principal person concerned, who, as soon as the hint was given, negatived it by seemingly taking no notice; except that he set about making his arrangements without consulting anybody.

Mr. Binney thoroughly appreciated Miss Bright, but he had lost his taste for matrimony; he remembered that he had spent forty excellent years without a wife, and notwithstanding that he was now a widower he could not conscientiously say that he felt his state to be so very unhappy.

Susan the cook, respectable and staid, would he feel sure manage his household properly, and if it proved that she should give way to extravagance, as people seemed to say, Mr. Binney fancied he could better put up with that evil than with too much of the economy from which he had suffered already.

So all the hopes that on the death of Mrs. Binney, Joe and Sally and the Brendons had cherished for Miss Bright, were

ruthlessly dashed to the ground. Evidently Aunt B. was not to have a successor.

"If we could but have got her there as housekeeper," said two of these arch-conspirators, "the rest would have been easy." But though they returned to the attack several times, no good came of it. Mr. Binney shared in their regret at the loss of Miss Bright's pupils, wondered, as they did, what would become of her, and, his visitors gone, to make his sympathy apparent he sat down and wrote a kind little note with a cheque for £10 folded within it.

"He's an old stupid," said Sally, who sat with a letter from Miss Bright in her hand in which she communicated to her friends Mr. Binney's generosity, "and now she is going away altogether, ever so far"—for Miss Bright had had another piece of news to tell. An old pupil of early days had been recently left a widow; her health was as delicate as her heart was kind, and when she made the proposition that Miss Bright should come and spend the remainder of her days with her, it was not entirely of her own comfort she had been thinking. Miss Bright had readily accepted her offer, and she had written to tell Sally that the next week she should come up and see them.

She could only stay a few hours with them when she came. The farewell visit was to be paid later. "But I think," she said as she was going, "I will call on my way home and say good-bye to Mr. Binney, in case I might not have another opportunity."

"Do," said Sally, and away she went.

Mr. Binney was at home. He had not been quite well lately; nothing more than a cold, but it had kept him a prisoner. To-day he might have gone out, but he had not felt inclined to, and he gallantly said he was glad to be in, as he should have been sorry indeed to have missed seeing Miss Bright.

"And so you are really going to leave us," he said, and almost regretfully too. "Well, you will be very much missed. I don't know what the Brendons will do."

"They will not miss me more than I shall them," and the brave little woman made an effort that her voice should not sound shaky; "but you know, Mr. Binney, I am not growing younger, am I?"

"No," he said, "that is true. I was saying the same to myself of myself only to-day."

"Yes, only with men it does not seem

to matter, but with women the thought always comes with a little shudder, that when we get old, and want quiet and rest, and a comfortable armchair by the fire, there is a doubt whether we shall be able to get them."

Mr. Binney did not answer, and fearing she was saying too much about her own feelings—always with her a very secondary consideration—she altered the tone of her voice, which had been a little sad, and went on in her usual cheerful way: "But then I ought to feel so thankful that this opening has been made for me. I told them that I knew something would come; it has always done so; I have always been so lucky."

"It's your happy disposition makes you say so, my dear Miss Bright; a cheerful spirit shortens the longest day. I wish I could follow your example. I often feel condemned at my want of contentment—or gratitude, I ought to say."

But that Miss Bright would not allow; she reminded Mr. Binney of the many kind actions he had done, and in her own quiet way thanked him for the thoughtful present he had sent to her.

"No, no, no, now you must not speak of that," Mr. Binney hastily interrupted her; and to give a turn to the conversation he said she "must have some tea," and ringing to order it, he hoped she could stay.

Well, yes, she thought she could spare time for that—indeed, to be plain, she was not in such a very great hurry. The fact had been that Joe had had an unexpected holiday; and she saw that, only for her being there, he had come home to go out somewhere with Sally.

"So I hope the little fib I told will be forgiven me, for when I said that I was wanted at home, although it was quite true perhaps, I need not but for that have left quite so early. But it was so nice of Joe to come home, I do love to see husbands and wives companions to each other!"

"Ah, indeed, yes; that is the object of matrimony, too often, I fear, lost sight of in our day, by the young and the old too."

But Miss Bright did not agree. "No," she "knew so many united couples. There were the Brendons now"—but at this moment the tea was brought in, and Miss Bright asked should she pour it out. Her offer was accepted. "Only," said Mr. Binney, "you must take off your cloak, or you won't feel the good of it when you go; and your bonnet too,

wouldn't you be more comfortable without that?"

Miss Bright said no, she would not take her bonnet off.

"Haven't a cap with you, I suppose?" said the old gentleman slyly.

"Yes, indeed I have — a present from Sally — and a very becoming one too."

"Put it on then, and let me pass my opinion."

Miss Bright hastened to obey, and when she came for his inspection the smile on her face and the soft pink in her cheek made her look ten years younger.

"Well," she said, "now what do you think of it?"

"I think if you take my advice you will never wear any other."

"Really," and she laughed softly; "but it is for high days and holidays, you know!" And she tip-toed to look in the chimney-glass, saying that it certainly was a very pretty cap, and then she sat down to pour out the tea. "The best tea things!" she said admiringly; "I am so fond of pretty china!" And then searching in the sugar-basin, she added, "I have not forgotten that you like two lumps of sugar, you see."

Mr. Binney smiled complacently, a feeling of well-being and comfort took possession of him; the daylight was gradually fading away, but the fire burnt brightly, and every now and then a flame would leap up and show to him the cosy room and the pleasant face of his companion.

Of a certainty it was very pleasant to have a congenial somebody to bear one company, one who could talk well, listen well, and hold her tongue well, if necessary. Experience had assured him of that. Miss Bright possessed each of these good qualities. When she had stayed there when Mrs. Binney was first ill, their evenings had passed very pleasantly, and recalling the things they had done, he asked, —

"Do you often play chess now?"

"No, never."

"Cribbage, backgammon?"

"I've no one to play with. That is one thing in my going away," and she swallowed down a sigh — "my evenings will be less lonely."

"Ah, yes, I find the time very long after dinner. I don't like to go to bed before half past ten, although I often feel inclined to."

"And the days draw in so quickly now, there is no afternoon — it is all evening, which reminds me that it is getting time

for me to go, for it takes me quite an hour to get to the station."

"Not in a cab?"

"No, but I am going to walk; it is quite fine and dry, and if I feel tired at the Conway Road I shall wait at the corner for the omnibus passing."

Miss Bright began to put on her bonnet. Mr. Binney walked to the window; for a minute he looked out, then he rang the bell.

"I shall go as far as the Conway Road with you."

"Oh, Mr. Binney! No, pray don't think of such a thing; it might give you cold, and there isn't the slightest occasion — I am so accustomed to go about alone."

But Mr. Binney remained firm; his hat and coat were brought to him, and away the two set off together. They chatted pleasantly as they walked along, mingling with their talk some measure of regret at the approaching parting. "I shall hope to come and see them all sometimes," Miss Bright said. "I know as long as the Brendons have a home they will take me in."

"And remember that so long as I have a house there will be room for you in it."

"That is very kind of you, Mr. Binney," she said softly. "Thank you, if I should never accept it. I am sure I do not know why people are all so good to me."

Mr. Binney apparently was no better able to inform her, and they walked on silently until the Conway Road was reached.

"Now then," said Miss Bright, "here we say farewell," and she held out her hand, but Mr. Binney did not take it; he was engaged in hailing a cab he saw, then he drew out his purse and Miss Bright knew that he intended settling with the man for the fare. She shook her head at him reprovingly. "The omnibus," she said, "would have done very well for me."

Mr. Binney gave the directions to the driver and then he held out his hand, hesitated, opened the door and said, "I don't see why I should not go with you as far as the station," and before Miss Bright was sufficiently recovered to reply they were driving on, seated side by side together.

At the railway station they had but a very short time of waiting; the train drew up, the passengers were getting in. Miss Bright stood near the carriage which she had chosen; nothing remained but to say good-bye, and enter.

"And you will let us hear how you get on?" for she had not said she was coming up again.

"Oh, I shall often write to the Brendons and Sally. You will hear of me through them."

"And I hope so very much that you will be comfortable and happy."

Miss Bright tried to smile, but her eyes filled rapidly, and to hide the tears she half turned away.

"I wish that you were not obliged to go away, couldn't *anything* be managed for you?"

She shook her head sadly. "No," she said; "I tried everything I could," and here a sob would come, "but nobody seemed to want me."

"I — I want you." Mr. Binney was stammering out his words excitedly. "Miss Bright, can you — will you stay for me? It sounds little that I have to offer, but if a comfortable home and a kind friend could tempt you, you shall have both if you think you could consent to become Mrs. Binney."

"Mrs. Binney! — I!" — everything seemed to swim around her — "but, Mr. Binney, such an idea never once occurred to me."

"I am very sure of that, my dear," he said earnestly, "and it has taken some time to come to me, or I should have made the offer long ago; however, better late than never — that is, if you will accept me."

"Oh, but I think it is so good of you — and you feel sure that I can make you happy. What will the Brendons and Sally say?"

"Say that I am more lucky than I deserve to be for not asking you before. Now I understand why I wouldn't consent to your being my housekeeper; I was wanting you for my wife, you know."

Miss Bright held up her hands in dismay.

"Oh my!" she cried. "There's the train off — gone, I declare!"

"What of that if it is? — another will soon follow, and while we are waiting for it, we can arrange our plans and fix the day."

And if any one wishes to know how it all ended, I can satisfy their curiosity by telling them that the wedding has taken place, the bride and bridegroom are settled in their own house, and it is unanimously voted that a more happy, cheery couple never were seen than the present Mr. and Mrs. Binney.

From All The Year Round.
REMINISCENCES OF JAMAICA.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART II.

ABOUT the middle of our time in Jamaica, the sides of the roads were observed to be covered with the yellow, sickly-smelling blossoms of the "kill buckra," or yellow-fever flower. Every waste space, even the gravelled yard, at Port Royal, previously quite arid, bloomed like a yellow carpet. Old residents shook their heads and whispered of yellow fever, with the grim certainty of former experience. Each evening, too, from the beginning of March, a faint and sickening odor, wafted with the first breath of land-wind, stole over Port Royal. It did not last long, and came direct from a sort of lagoon of brackish water beyond the palisade cemetery. Examination of this water revealed a reddish foam, seething up round the edges. Measures were promptly adopted, first to cut a communication between the smelling lake, and the fresh, outer sea. This silted up in a very few days. A cut was then made through to the cockle-ponds in the inner harbor, and kept open by dredging, and soon by its own scour, this cut speedily cleansed and purified the putrid lake, whose waters quickly became alive with excellent fish, leaping and jumping with health and vigor. The same smell was reported to have preceded a former yellow-fever epidemic. The men-of-war in harbor were moved to the outer buoys, where a fresher current of air was obtainable, and every sanitary precaution was adopted. But all was in vain — an unwholesome condition of atmosphere evidently existed, containing the germ of what was to be fatal to so many.

The first man, a stoker of the steam-launch plying to Kingston, was seized — and this meant generally to die in three or four days, sometimes in less time. The flagship was overcrowded with supernumeraries for the Pacific, waiting for a vessel to come to Panama and take them on board. Each day these poor souls enquired ever more and more anxiously, "Any news from Panama?" "No telegram from Colon?" till their hearts were sick within them. Each man looked his comrade in the face, and wondered which of them would go next. The good deputy inspector at the hospital — who, if hourly heroism could win the Victoria Cross, earned his a hundred times over — stood

by the bedside of the dying, some in violent fever held down by black nurses, some in the deadly, stertorous coma of approaching dissolution, and wrung his hands in despair at being unable to do anything to save them. Each afternoon about four, the hospital boat bearing a ghastly burthen wended its way to the palisades, where the living, at arm's-length, at the risk of their lives, laid the dead in long rows. Each night about twelve, one of the galley's crew living at the Admiralty House was seized, till five out of seven were dead. Their cries and groans, as they were borne away in a blanket to the hospital, out of whose gates they were never to come alive, were terrible to hear. I used to listen with miserable dread, till the heavy footstep of the black steward labored up the stairs and along the silent corridors, lanthorn in hand, to announce, "Ander boat's crew taken to hospital, sar," with a sort of grim complacency in his own immunity from the terrible scourge.

Our own family all suffered at the same time from attacks more or less severe of bilious remittent fever, from which they rose weak and tottering, "Poor ting, he don't trong, good king!" remarked a kindly black servant, picking up a child who was perpetually tumbling down. One English mail brought out a new chief clerk for the dockyard, with wife and children; the return steamer took home the clerk and four motherless babes; the poor wife, seized with yellow fever, had died in the interim. A case was reported at this time, which goes far to prove that to do nothing is better than the best and most careful of nursing. A seaman belonging to a foreign ship unloading at one of the wharves in Kingston, suddenly disappeared in a fit of delirious fever; all thought he had jumped overboard. Six days passed away, he was nearly forgotten, when a black woman came on board to say that a sailor belonging to their ship was lying weak and helpless, but alive, under the piles of the wharf. He was speedily brought on board, gaunt, hollow-eyed, starving. He knew nothing of the time that had passed, but it was certain that for six days he had lain on the wet mud, just above high-water mark — the rise and fall is less than two feet — and that no food or drink could have passed his lips, and yet he survived, while most of his shipmates died. Although no definite conclusion was come to by the devoted and accomplished medical officers in charge of the hospital as to any really

efficacious remedies, it was discovered, I believe for the first time, by actual experiment, that the cause of yellow fever is a parasite in the blood. If the patient was of weakly constitution, or suffering from any other ailment, the parasite, unable to live in the impoverished blood, died, and the patient recovered; while on the other hand, in the sweet blood of the vigorous and temperate, these creatures thrrove and multiplied, till they had consumed all the life-giving properties, when the patient died.

When things seemed at their worst, and the "pestilence that walketh in darkness" had stalked into every nook and corner of the old flagship, bearing off victim after victim trembling to the hospital, it was resolved that the whole of the remaining ship's company and the supernumeraries should be sent north to Bermuda in three vessels. With what joy this decision was hailed by the survivors none can tell. Hope again sprang up in their depressed hearts, they were not to be left quietly and surely to die, uncheered by any prospect of removal as in former times. One dank, muggy, windless day — a condition of atmosphere largely prevailing during this scourge — hot and oppressive beyond conception, all were got on board the three ships, and soon were out of sight on their way to the glad north. No single fatal case occurred after their departure, and all returned in safety several months after. To understand in the least degree the fear felt by gallant men who would cheerfully walk up to the cannon's mouth, or jump overboard under circumstances of the gravest peril to save a comrade, a yellow-fever epidemic must have been personally experienced; the stoutest hearts, when weakened by the contemplation of one overpowering subject, quail before this pestilence. The air was full of it, weighing like lead upon their spirits. The persistent attendance of a quantity of hoary old Port Royal sharks, which had weathered many a fearsome bout, now swimming slowly round and round the flagship, was of itself a serious distress to the old coxswain. "I misdoubts them sharks," he would observe, turning his quid; "they means Yellow Jack," upon which he applied himself to his favorite specific — rum and peppermint — with renewed zest.

A dull, deathlike quiet now settled down over Port Royal; the hospital doors stood wide open to the air, all its tenants dead or gone. A man of-war arriving at this time, fresh from England, saluted the

broad pendant as usual outside the reefs; half an hour passed, she was inside the cays, but there was no return salute, nor was a living soul to be seen on the decks of the flagship. Landing at the stairs her captain wended his way, wondering at the extraordinary stillness, to the commodore's office, where he found — alone, his secretary dead, his crews gone north, his family in the hills. The captain afterwards told me that he had never seen so melancholy a sight. The ship was sent immediately to sea, and never had a single case.

After the death of so many fine sailors of the galley's crew, it was not considered desirable for us to remain, as the dock-yard and Admiralty House seemed the most infected parts. "Claremont," in the Port Royal mountains, was accordingly taken for us. A long steam to Kingston, a twelve-mile drive to "the gardens," brought us to the foot of the mountains, from there horses to Claremont landed a party of jaded, miserable wretches. Ill as I was, the extraordinary beauty of the view from this place struck me with admiration. The house, even then extremely out of repair, was the usual one-storeyed building with a wide, closed verandah in front, standing on a flat platform of good size, a most unusual feature in the hills, where ten square feet of even ground is a rarity. Cotton-trees of immense height cast a splendid shade all the blazing afternoon over the front of the house. Divested of its most melancholy associations, Claremont is certainly the most attractive site in the island. From here, each crowning its own sharp mountain-top, can be seen Bermuda Mount, Craigton, Strawberry Hill, Ellerslie, Ropley, the Cottage, all comfortable little hill cottages except Craigton, which having been added to by various governors and magnates who have lived and died there, from time to time, is quite the best mountain residence in Jamaica, possessing even a beautiful little church at the very gates. Above you, at Claremont, are the "everlasting hills," mounting peak by peak into the air; below a winding bridle-road, occasionally peeping into sight, leading to the gardens, the foaming Hope River lying like a silver streak at the bottom of the valley; while, spread out like a map, lie the plains, brightened with the yellow cane-fields of Verley and Robinson's sugar plantation, Kingston Harbor, Port Royal, and the vast ocean beyond the cays. Ships at anchor or coming in, looked like flies upon a plan, while the

great flagship, with her white broad pendant gleaming in the sun, resembled a child's toy. Looking back I could not say that the "Aboukir," in full view, was at that time a desirable object. We had left — and — alone, at Port Royal, in the very midst of the fever, so that broad pendant, seen through a telescope, became the very focus of anxious interest, showing that — was, at all events, alive at that moment, which was something in those miserable days to be sure of. A short but sharp attack of yellow fever prostrated me the day after our arrival in the hills — a not unfrequent circumstance when fever is lurking in the frame, for it is often brought out, not prevented, as might be supposed, by a great change of temperature.

The only facts that remain clearly in my mind are the extraordinary and persistent violence of the headache which accompanied the attack, and the kind and charitable attention bestowed upon me by Dr. W—, of the army medical department, now at Parkhurst, who, regardless of an infected household from Port Royal, rode up and down the mountains from Newcastle on several occasions to see me. By heaven's mercy my life was spared, while that of many a strong and healthy man was taken.

Far different was the fate of poor —. Seized with violent fever and delirium within two hours of his arrival at Claremont, he perished in five days, though nursed with the tenderest care. He died in the darkest hours of a night I never remember without a pang. The sun went down in clouds of lurid red, succeeded almost immediately by an inky pall, apparently descending upon the house. A deathlike stillness prevailed, no leaf stirred, when, without a moment's warning, one of the fierce mountain hurricanes broke upon us, raging with wild fury all night long. At the moment of —'s departure a great sobbing blast of wind and rain burst open all the crazy doors, careered howling like a wild beast through the shaking rooms, and out across the valley, only to return again after a moment's pause, with fresh vigor to begin the onslaught anew. The slow dawning of that miserable morning revealed a scene of pitiable desolation without and within. Great trees had been hurled through the air and pitched head foremost into the ravine below. The wind had worn itself out, but from the earliest break of day a vast troop of vultures, who arrived singly from every quarter, sailed

and swooped in slow, great circles round and round the valley and house where our dead lay. The fanning of their horrible wings could be heard coming ever nearer and nearer, verifying the words of Scripture, "The vultures hastened to the prey;" "Where the slain are, there are they;" nor did they leave us till, late in the day, a small and melancholy train, bearing the coffin, slowly ascended the steep winding paths, and dear — was laid in his quiet grave on Craigtoun hillside, charitably and kindly ministered to by the good archdeacon, himself a terrible sufferer by yellow-fever. A more lovely spot than where he lies, lamented and beloved, could never be seen — at the top of a mountain crown, the beautiful little church (now newly restored after being destroyed in a hurricane) at his head, the whole green fertile valley at his feet, all breathing of peace and quiet till the day of resurrection.

Our melancholy faces and enfeebled condition warned us that, if anything like health was ever again to be enjoyed, a move must be made. Gardens House was therefore taken for us, and early on the morning of the fourth day after the funeral, a sad and melancholy cavalcade walked and rode down to the gardens, across the river, and up the mountain on the other side, till our new home was reached. Something like a gleam of hope visited our cheerless spirits, as we walked through the clean, empty rooms, faithfully built a hundred years gone by. This house promised at least shelter, coolness, and change of scene; besides, if we could hope to sleep in a bed that night we must bestir ourselves. It was past five before the last of a long train of leisurely bearers sauntered into the house with our belongings from Claremont on their heads. By eight we had, one and all, drawn in a close circle round a blazing log fire, pitifully attempting to cheer each other by storytelling. Many a long year must have passed since a fire had been kindled in that fine old room, and the children were kept amused by the chase and slaughter of a horde of red ants, about half an inch long, which were brought out of the old wood by the heat of the fire. With what a feeling of deep thankfulness we lay down that night I can never forget, but in anxious and silent dread I looked into the faces of those around me each passing hour, lest I should see the first symptoms of that dreaded fever, thankful beyond measure, as time slowly ebbed away — how slowly! — to see the first rays of returning health coming back to us.

A peaceful month with no new anxieties gave us reason to hope that this wave of sickness had spent itself, when one of the children was brought to death's door with typhoid fever. In the midst of this distress our hearts were stirred anew by the death of two dear friends, a brother and sister, who perished at Bermuda Mount, of yellow fever, dying within twenty minutes of each other. Ill and weak with nursing our sick child, it was a terrible shock to be awakened at three in the morning, when a mounted messenger from Bermuda Mount, sent to give us the dreadful news, knocked up the household. Without a word of warning or preparation, our colored nurse stole into my room, where she stood whispering in an awestruck tone: "All the two of dem is dead!"

Vigorous, youthful, full of high spirit and courage, beloved of all, it was pitiful to lose them, and they could ill be spared; but they perished, and two more graves were dug on Craigtoun hillside. Many of our friends died in the plains at this time, proving that yellow fever is no respecter of places, and is as often to be seen in the sweet, breezy, isolated hilltops as in the sheltering streets of Kingston — the poison is in the air.

Gardens House, or, as it was commonly known among the country people, "Gardens Great House," is solidly placed on a bit of table-land at the junction of the two great mountain highways into the interior — the Guava Ridge and Flampstead roads, at an altitude of thirteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, built in the middle of what had formerly been the Botanical Gardens, till growing impecuniosity did away with so useful an institution. This fact accounted for the variety and beauty of the shrubs and trees surrounding the grey-stone house. This one had been erected in the slave-owning days, when labor cost nothing; its walls, always deliciously cool, were three feet thick, sheltered by an extremely high-pitched, grey shingle roof, off which the rays of the sun glanced. Great, wide, enclosed verandahs in front commanded a lovely view across the valley, and down to Gordon Town, with occasional glimpses of the river hurrying away to the sea.

A large square of short emerald turf of exceedingly fine, close texture, about the size of a tennis-ground, and beautifully even, spread before the front door, enclosed on all four sides by the house, kitchens, servants' quarters, coach-house, and a large swimming-bath, supplied, as

was all our water, by an aqueduct, from the upper waters of the Hope. Shut in by a stout gate, we looked able to stand a siege.

Returning health and spirits, after a time, caused a resumption of the active habits which had been so sadly put an end to by our troubles. Morning and evening one of the children, in turn, would scamper about on their extremely self-willed little pony, whose determination I never saw equalled. It was always maintained that Tommy took them out for a ride, and brought them back when it suited himself, not his rider. "Rouse up there, rouse up! show a leg, show a leg in a purser's stocking!" was a well known cry about six A.M., which, being interpreted, meant that we were requested to get up. No ablutions were permissible at this time, but, having partaken of coffee and biscuits, as many as could be got together started on our ramble. In the morning, when the sun is well behind the frowning, overhanging mountain, Guava Ridge road was chosen, in the afternoon exactly the reverse; Flamstead road, Dublin Castle, and Dublin Castle Great House being the usual route. By a little management of this sort, no sun ever inconvenienced us. Vegetation on each side of the precipitous zigzag paths was a perpetual pleasure. Gold and silver fern lined one reach; maidenhair spleenwort, with black, shiny stalks as thick as a lady's riding-whip, almost filled a little dell adjoining; while feathery lace-plant and lycopodium moss formed a carpet among the rare ferns, unequalled in the finest conservatory. Great clumps of bamboos, the most graceful of all green things in Jamaica, fenced in one very dangerous turn, where the path was only about two feet wide, a wall of mountain on one side, a sheer precipice, seven or eight hundred feet down, the other. We always fled past this place for fear a pack-mule, laden with bulging bags of coffee, should encounter us, in which case we should certainly have been pushed down the ravine. They are, in these narrow paths, obstinate "as a mule," and refuse to budge an inch; they are also extremely cute, and have frequently been known to rub their heavy burthens against a sharp rock until a hole is torn in the bag, and the coffee-berries run out, having learned by former experience that such a process lightens their load; but as it also destroys the balance, wary old beasts have been known to rub a hole in each side, and to arrive at their destination, walking ten or a dozen in single file,

with, perhaps, one black boy in charge, mounted on the first mule in the string, without a coffee-berry remaining!

The wonderful growth of bamboo always put me in mind of Jonah's gourd. One morning a great, fat, greenish-grey shoot, exactly like giant asparagus, would appear, just breaking through the friable, reddish earth; next day it was twelve inches high, the day after over two feet; one could really see it grow, till a fine, feathery wand, tender and drooping, shot up into the sky, strengthening with age. A coffee plantation in early morning, before the sun has kissed away the heavy night dews, is a beautiful sight; each plant laden with white, wax-like, star flowers, emitting a faint scent, something between orange blossom and stephanotis, and making up an overpowering aggregate of sweetness. The steeper the ground the better the coffee; the best in the island grows at Clifton Mount above Newcastle, at an altitude of four to five thousand feet, clinging in a precarious way to the nearly unattainable heights above. Pendent from the forked branches of cotton-trees magnificent rose-colored orchids flaunt and wave over the paths in cheerful mockery, suspended by a single hair, far above your head, as if saying: "Don't you wish you may get me?" I have no doubt, like the fox and the grapes, that we were better without them, lovely as they were, for their smell — I cannot say scent — closely resembles that of dead rats. Begonia grows by the wayside to an extraordinary height, twelve or fourteen feet; it seemed, like the furze at home, never out of bloom, the plants being always covered with an endless succession of deep pink, fleshy flowers.

There are no venomous snakes in Jamaica, while in Cuba, only about seventy miles off, cobras, rattlesnakes, deadly spiders, and reptiles abound. Extreme care is taken, by order of the government of Jamaica, when importing timber and other likely merchandise from Havana to prevent the introduction of snakes into the island, and hitherto with success. I plunged into the gullies and bush fearlessly in the pursuit of some precious fern, knowing this. Scorpions, however, drop on your head from the rafters of old buildings and the trunks of decayed trees, and wriggle into an unused key-hole, even in this favored island. The "trap-door spider" is not uncommon either; its bite when provoked is considered highly dangerous, if not fatal, and the way it retires hastily within its clay-built nest, and slams

the door behind, as if in dungeon, is very curious. The children bought some from a native when staying at Craigton with the governor, and, carefully nursing the little round brown nests with a live spider in each, brought them to me in my bedroom to keep safely for them until our return home.

The cultivation of anything in the mountains is carried on with great difficulty; to climb even an ordinary yam-patch requires the agility of a squirrel and the endurance of a mule, as the ground is hardly less steep than the side of a wall. These perpetual ups and downs are most fatiguing. Small tenements abounded everywhere; a man squatted down apparently on the mountain just where he fancied, ran up a little wattle and daub hut, which was speedily occupied by a collection of relations, friends, godmothers, and babies, numbering from six to a dozen, and proceeded to cultivate yams, meallies, and guinea-grass, without let or hindrance.

Godmothers are in Jamaica a very great power. Far from considering, in the usual English way, that her responsibilities cease with the presentation of a cup, fork, and spoon, she is expected to "take to" and provide for her godchild till it is grown up, often removing it entirely from the family circle to that of her own. This curious custom is commoner in Port Royal than elsewhere, and is principally the result of fathers being a scarcer article there than in other parts.

A shadowy owner far away in England sometimes cropped up, actually laying claim to his own lands, but he certainly got no rent if it was a "thrown up" property, and he was afraid to take steps to enforce his rights, owing in most cases to the long years his own government taxes had remained unpaid. The long columns of "Owners wanted," advertised for year by year in the *Jamaica Gazette*, give some idea of the enormous number of "thrown up" properties, lying untended and unprofitable owing to the poverty of their once thriving proprietors. Planted with bananas and cocoanuts, crops that require so little tending, and for which an excellent market in the United States is always to be obtained, much might be done even now. Bananas picked in enormous bunches, each bunch as much as a man can carry, and quite green, ripen on the seven days' voyage, and are in the finest condition on arriving at New York, where they often fetch a shilling apiece. The plant must, however, have water, and thrives best in damp places.

From The Fortnightly Review.
TURKISH ARABIA.

THERE is ample evidence in the reports which appear from time in the daily papers, English and foreign, and in articles published in this review, of the very serious condition of the Asiatic provinces of the Ottoman Empire. Many people have written in detail regarding the state of affairs in Egypt, in Armenia, in Syria, and in the Hedjaz, but no one has as yet troubled the public with information about that remote province on the Turco-Persian border known to Indian officials as Turkish Arabia. And, therefore, it is not surprising that the telegrams which appeared in the daily papers during June and July regarding the forcible stoppage by the Ottoman authorities of British mail steamers plying on the Tigris should have failed to arouse popular interest. And yet, both on account of the historical associations of which the country is full, of its long-established connection with British trade in the East, and of the great future which must lie in store for its fertile plains once the granary of the world, Turkish Arabia deserves to be better known among Englishmen than unfortunately is the case. It is a province of large extent, covering an area, approximately, of one hundred and forty thousand square miles, about twice the size of England and Scotland together. It contains a mixed population of Arabs, Kurds, Jews, and Christians. But as the Jews are only numerous in Baghdad and in one or two other towns, and as the Christian element, except in Mosul and thence farther north, is of no political importance, Turkish Arabia may be described with sufficient accuracy as a wholly Muhammadan province peopled by Arabs and Kurds. The city of Baghdad, situate on both banks of the Tigris, is the capital of the country and the headquarters of the Turkish pasha in charge of the administration. This pasha, or vali—for that is his official designation—is appointed from Constantinople, and holds office just so long as the sultan pleases. He is assisted by a coadjutor, styled the moawin, who discharges among other duties that of watching his superior's conduct and reporting his shortcomings to the Porte. As an additional check, in case the vali and his deputy should fraternize, the military administration is intrusted to a general officer, who being placed in direct subordination to the war minister at Constantinople, has ample facilities of thwarting the civil power. Such a system, as might

be expected, does not conduce to efficient administration, but it also prevents any one official from obtaining too much power, and this, perhaps, from an Ottoman standpoint, is the main object in view.

Two of the three districts into which Kurdistan is usually divided fall more or less within the limits of Turkish Arabia and of the vali's political relations. These two districts are central Kurdistan and south-eastern Kurdistan. The former extends north and south along the Turco-Persian borders from Lake Van to Sulimanieh; the latter comprises the Turkish districts of Sulimanieh and Scharizor, the Persian provinces of Ardilan or Sehna and Kirmanshah, and a strip of country including the plain of Zohab from Kirmanshah to the extremity of the Luristan Hills. The Turkish Kurds, in the districts of Van, Mosul, and Sulimanieh, may number seven hundred thousand souls. In religion they are Sunni-Muhammadans of a bigoted type, and are devoted followers of the great sheikh—the founder of the Kadiriyyeh dervishes—Abd-el-Kadir Ghilani, whose mosque and tomb are at Baghdad.

Turning now to the country below Baghdad, and taking first the left bank of the Tigris, it is only necessary to mention two towns, Kut-el-Amara and Amara, the chief stopping-places of the steamers which navigate the river between Baghdad and Basrah. The country lying between these towns and inland as far as the Persian frontier belongs to the Beni Laam, an Arab tribe of considerable strength and evil reputation. This tribe pays revenue to the Ottoman government, but, as might be expected from the close proximity of their territory to the Luristan Hills, the Beni Laam have intimate relations with the Feili Kurds, who are subject to Persia. Like the Feilis, the Beni Laam are fanatical Shias, and their religious sympathies, as they have shown when the occasion has served, are consequently entirely anti-Turkish. Amara, the town which marks the south-eastern limit of the Beni Laam territory, is admirably placed for trade. It is situated just above the marshes of the Tigris, at the point where the river Hud, flowing out of the Tigris, establishes water communication with Howeiza and Khuzistan. Thanks to the steamers of the Tigris and Euphrates Steam Navigation Company, Amara is a thriving place, and may contain five thousand inhabitants.

At Kornah the Tigris joins the Eu-

phrates, and the two streams form a single river, known from this point by the name of the Shat-el-Arab. The Turks claim the right bank of the Shat along its whole course, but the left bank, from a point a few miles above Muhamerah, and thence to the sea, is occupied by the Ka'ab Arabs, in subordination, more or less, to Persia.

Originally, that is at the date (1639) of the treaty between Sultan Murad and the shah of Persia, the Ka'ab Arabs were undoubtedly Turkish subjects. They lived in the marshes of the Tigris, near Kornah, and paid the Turkish authorities at Basrah (Bussorah) a tax for the right to pasture buffaloes. Their sheikh was also invested every year with a robe of office. A season of drought which caused the pastures to fail compelled the tribe to migrate to lands watered by the Karun, and the connection of the Ka'ab Arabs with Persia dates from this event, although the payments to the Turkish authorities were continued for some years. In the troublous times which in Persia and Turkey marked the middle of the last century, the fortunes of a tribe such as the Ka'ab Arabs greatly depended upon the personal character of its sheikhs. Sheikh Selman, who, in the year 1750, was chief of the Ka'ab, possessed all the qualities of a leader of men, and enjoyed to the full the confidence and attachment of his people. He took advantage of the hostilities between Persia and Turkey, and of the contests between the Zends and the Kajars for the crown of Persia, to establish himself as far as the Hindián River in the Persian province of Fars, and northward along the Karunk to Band-i-Kir. From Turkey he obtained the large island of Abadan, in the Shat-el-Arab, the territory of Dowasir, on the right bank of that river, and on the left bank a tract of country in the neighborhood of the Haffar canal, including the present town of Muhamerah.

Upon the final establishment of the Kajar dynasty in Persia the affairs of the Ka'ab Arabs attracted attention, and little by little the tribe succumbed to Persian influence. In 1812 the Ka'ab were ousted from their possessions on the left bank of the Shat-el-Arab by the Montefik Arabs, and Muhamerah, which originally comprised only two petty mud forts on either side of the mouth of the Haffar canal, was built as a protection against their further inroads. The Turkish authorities left the Ka'ab alone until 1837, when Ali Pasha, vali of Baghdad, attacked and plundered Muhamerah, which, having become a

commercial town of some local importance, injured the revenue of Basrah. At this time the chief of Muhamerah was a certain Haji Jabir, the son of the Ka'ab sheikh by a slave mother. The conduct of the Turks in destroying Muhamerah caused Haji Jabir to throw himself into the hands of the Persians, who took advantage of the feud between him and the legitimate sheikhs of the Ka'ab to occupy Muhamerah with Persian troops; and though these were subsequently withdrawn, the authority of the Persian government has been recognized ever since in a greater or less degree. In the Persian war of 1856 Muhamerah was bombarded by the vessels of the Indian navy, and occupied by the British invading force, but was restored to Persia on the conclusion of peace. Haji Jabir died at a very advanced age about two years ago, and the Persian authorities have divided the government between his two sons, Sheikh Muhammad and Sheikh Mizal. But the arrangement may be safely regarded as merely provisional, for the dissensions that are sure before long to break out between the brothers will afford a pretext for more detailed supervision by the Persian authorities and for the appointment of a Persian governor.

The situation of Muhamerah at the point of the junction of the Karun—the only navigable river in Persia—with the Shat-el-Arab, and its greater proximity to the sea, give it advantages as a trading mart superior to any which Basrah, on the Turkish bank of the river, possesses. The loss of Muhamerah and of the adjoining territory on the left bank of the Shat-el-Arab and of the island of Abadan, is therefore, on commercial grounds alone, a misfortune to Turkey. Its real importance, however, lies in the fact that the acquisition of Muhamerah not only confers on Persia co-riparian rights on the Shat-el-Arab, but places in Persian hands a strategical position of the highest value in the event of war with Turkey. If at the conclusion of the Persian war we had not restored Muhamerah this position of vantage would now be in British keeping, with great profit to British political influence at Teheran and to British trade with Persia and Mesopotamia.

The country which lies between the right bank of the Tigris and the left bank of the Euphrates is known to the Arabs as "El-Jezireh," "the island," and to Europeans as Mesopotamia, or the country between the rivers. A line drawn from Hit on the Euphrates, to Samara on the

Tigris, would follow the geological formation of the soil and demarcate the natural boundary which separates upper from lower Mesopotamia. Below this line the country is flat and of a low elevation, and the soil purely alluvial; above it the formation is secondary and the country an undulating plain rising gradually towards the north. The people of Mesopotamia are Arab in nationality and Muhammadan in religion; in the upper division Sunnis predominate, and in the lower Shias, especially in the neighborhood of the holy cities of Kazmain, Kerbela, and Nejef. The principal Arab tribe in upper Mesopotamia is the Shamar Jerba, who migrated from Nejd about a hundred years ago, and who are still Bedouins. The Shamar wander over the whole of northern Mesopotamia. In the summer their chief encampment is at Shergot, on the upper Tigris, a short distance below Mosul, and in the winter they approach Baghdad to buy supplies. The Shamar pay no tribute, but their present sheikh, Ferhán-ibn-Sfúk, has accepted from the Turkish government the title of pasha with a yearly allowance (which is rarely, if ever, paid), and in return for which he is supposed to guarantee the safety of travellers in his territory.

The Shamar are at feud with the neighboring tribes, such as the Anizeh, the Dilem, and the Montefik—a state of things which the Turkish authorities naturally regard with entire satisfaction, for the stability of Ottoman rule in Mesopotamia depends in a great degree on the quarrels and animosities which divide the Arab tribes. In the feud with the Montefik, which originated in the following circumstances, Arab sympathies are on the side of the Shamar. A few years ago Abdul Kerim, brother of Ferhán, the present sheikh of the Shamar, being hard pressed by the Turks, took refuge with Nasir, sheikh of the Montefik, and claimed sanctuary from him. Nasir granted it, and in accordance with well-known Arab usage became responsible for the safety of his guest. Nasir, however, by all accounts was anxious, for reasons of his own, to make a display of loyalty to the Porte. It happened that just at this time he was mutasarif or lieutenant governor of the Montefik country, and on the pretext that his duty as an Ottoman official was paramount to his obligations as an Arab sheikh, he surrendered Abdul Kerim to the Turks, who took him to Mosul and hanged him on the bridge.

The Montefik proper are comparatively

a small tribe, and in point of fact the country which is known as that of the Montefik Arabs comprises the lands of a number of Fellah tribes who have attained a considerable degree of prosperity through trade and agriculture and who have accepted Montefik protection. The Al-Sadun — the particular clan to which the ruling sheiks of the Montefik belong — claim descent from the sharifs of Mecca. Consequently, they are of course Sunnis, but most of the tribes subordinate to the Montefik hold Shia tenets. In July, 1880, one of these subject tribes — the Al-bu-Muhammad, who dwell in the marshes of the Tigris between Basrah and Kornah — laid wait for and endeavored to capture the British steamer "Khalifa." The attack was delivered at a well-chosen spot, where the Tigris takes a sharp bend in the shape of the letter S. It is necessary in order to double this bend to approach close to the bank where the water shallows, and where the slightest mistake in steering must inevitably beach the vessel. As the "Khalifa" entered this bend the Arabs on the bank fired a volley, killing two of the crew and wounding the captain and chief engineer. The native Lascars at the wheel fled below, and all was in confusion. The situation was critical, for in less than five minutes the "Khalifa" would have run ashore, and great loss of life must have ensued. Fortunately, however, Captain Clements, notwithstanding his wound, which was very severe, maintained his presence of mind, and steering the vessel by her engines rounded the point in safety and steamed out of reach of harm. Various motives have been assigned for this daring outrage, unprecedented in the history of British relations with the Arabs of Mesopotamia. Some people said that the Al-bu-Muhammad, driven to desperation by the misgovernment of the Turkish authorities, resolved to stop all traffic on the Tigris and to compel, by attacking a British mail steamer, the attention of the British government to their wrongs. A plot of this nature, however, could scarcely have originated in the unassisted intelligence of an ignorant and half-savage tribe like the Al-bu-Muhammad; if the attack on the "Khalifa" was really planned with the intention of forcing, as it were, the hand of the British government, it is probable that results were hoped for altogether beyond the mere redress of grievances of the tribe in question.

From Fao, the telegraph station at the mouth of the Shat-el-Arab, the pasha of

Baghdad claims jurisdiction as far as El-Catif, on the Arab littoral of the Persian Gulf. Turkish authority in these parts is, however, merely nominal; it may be said to date from 1871, in which year Midhat Pasha dispatched an expedition from Baghdad to support Abdullah-bin-Feysul in his contest with his brother Saood for the chiefship of the Wahabis. The result was the ruin of both brothers and the appointment of a Turkish kaimmakam at El-Hassa, who also exercises a perfunctory supervision along the coast.

British relations with Turkish Arabia date from the establishment by the East India Company, about two hundred and fifty years ago, of a factory in Basrah, under the supervision of the Company's agent at Gamrun (Bandar Abbas), in the Persian Gulf. In the year 1720 Basrah was considered of sufficient importance to demand the appointment of a separate resident, but owing to Dutch and French competition, the arbitrary proceedings of the local authorities, and the unsettled state of the country, the Company's trade could hardly have been very profitable. War broke out between Persia and Turkey in 1743, and in the autumn of the following year Basrah was besieged for three months by a Persian force. Then came troubles with the Montefik Arabs, who, in resentment for an attempt to enhance the tax on their date gardens, cut the banks of the Shat-el-Arab, and inundated the country up to the walls of Basrah. In these days there were no disciplined battalions to enforce the sultan's authority, and his behests were very lightly regarded. The pasha of Basrah, for instance, did not hesitate to oppose by force of arms the imperial firman joining Basrah to the pashalik of Baghdad. He was obliged to yield only because the sheikh of the Montefik, who, having thirty thousand fighting Arabs at his command, was the real arbiter of the destinies of lower Mesopotamia, gave his support to the pasha of Baghdad.

The Company's difficulties were further enhanced by the jealousy with which their representative was regarded by the local Turkish authorities. They endeavored, in order to prevent the Company from acquiring permanent influence in the country, to insist on the chief of the factory being changed every year. And they might have gained their point, except for the active intervention of the British ambassador, who succeeded, in 1764, in regularizing the position of the Company's

representative by obtaining for him a Consular Birat.

Towards the end of 1774 fresh hostilities broke out between Turkey and Persia, and during the whole of 1775 the country round Basrah was the scene of incessant conflicts between the Persians and the Ka'ab Arabs on the one side, and the Turks and the Montefik on the other. In April of the following year Basrah surrendered to the Persian general Sadu Khan, and remained in Persian hands for nearly three years. During this period, owing to the exactions of the Persian officials, trade ceased to be profitable, and the lives and property of the Company's servants were exposed to constant peril. Fortunately, a local insurrection resulted in the expulsion of the Persians and the restoration of Turkish authority; otherwise the factory at Basrah must undoubtedly have been closed. From this date until the end of the century the relations between the Company's representatives and the Turks were, on the whole, of a most friendly and intimate character. As a matter of fact, his own position was so precarious that the Turkish pasha could not afford to quarrel with the English. In lower Mesopotamia he was confronted by two powerful chiefs — the sheikh of the Montefik and the sheikh of the Ka'ab, whose respective territories bordered on Basrah. The Persian Gulf, too, had not yet attained its present tranquil condition. It was infested by pirates, and the imam of Muscat and the El-Joasim Arabs of Ras-el-Kheimah more than once threatened Basrah with attack. In 1787 Sheikh Thamir of the Montefik seized the Turkish galleys lying in the Shat-el-Arab, imprisoned the Turkish governor, and held Basrah pending a satisfactory settlement of his differences with the pasha of Baghdad. The sheikh of the Ka'ab also erected batteries on the right bank of the Shat, with the intention of cutting off all communication between Basrah and the sea, and defeated the Turkish fleet in a pitched battle at the mouth of the Haffar canal. Occasionally, and under great pressure, the British resident at Basrah lent the Turks the aid of the Company's vessels, but more often British assistance was limited to the supply of arms and ammunition. Experience derived from constant intercourse had given the Company's representatives a very poor opinion of the Turks. "Nothing can be worse," wrote Mr. Moore, "than the policy of assisting such people as the Turks. They have no gratitude. You gain no advan-

tage by it, whether with respect to commerce or anything else. Only assist them once, they always think themselves entitled to assistance hereafter."

In 1798 the Court of Directors appointed for the first time a permanent resident at Baghdad in the person of Mr. Harford Jones, afterwards Sir Harford Jones-Brydges, British minister in Persia. The objects of this appointment were entirely political. Mr. Jones was instructed to watch the proceedings of the French, who then held Syria and Egypt; to obtain and transmit news of Buonaparte's movements and intentions, with special reference to the projected demonstration against India by the valley of the Euphrates; and to enlist against the French the sympathies of the pasha of Baghdad and of the Arab tribes of Mesopotamia. In 1799 envoys from Tippoo arrived at Basrah, *en route* for Constantinople. They were furnished with presents and letters to the sultan entreating help, and representing in strong terms the oppression and tyranny which the Muhammadans of India underwent at the hands of the English. The incident is curious as being, perhaps, the earliest serious attempt to establish relations between the sultan, as supreme protector of Islam, and the Muhammadans of India; and these overtures are all the more remarkable from the fact that Tippoo was a Shia. The embassy got no farther than Basrah, for the resident having expatiated on the folly of appealing to the sultan, who was an ally of the British government, told the envoys of Tippoo's death and of the capture of Seringapatam, and induced them to return to India in one of the Company's vessels.

Soliman Pasha, who at this time was vali of Baghdad, occupied a very exceptional position. He ruled an immense tract of country, extending from Diarbekir on the upper Tigris to the shores of the Persian Gulf, and was probably the most powerful official in the Ottoman dominions. He and his descendants managed to keep the government of the country in their own hands for nearly half a century; they issued firman in their own names, corresponded with the English authorities in India, and sent envoys on their own account to Calcutta and Bombay. In 1807, when Turkey and England were at war, Ali Pasha refused to dismiss the British residents at Baghdad and Basrah; and in 1808 he received Lieutenant Colonel (afterwards Sir John) Malcolm, who had been appointed "envoy extraordinary," on the part of the governor-general of

India, to the "king of Persia and the pasha of Baghdad." This system of maintaining direct diplomatic relations with the government of India subsisted for some years after the break up of Soliman Pasha's family. For as late as 1827, when Mahmud II. ordered the reform of the Turkish army, the pasha of Baghdad applied to the government of Bombay for British officers to instruct his new "regulars," and to assist him generally in organizing the defences of the province against an apprehended attack from Russia. At last, however, in consequence, it may be, of remonstrances from Constantinople, the Court of Directors were induced to remind the government of India that the pasha of Baghdad could not be regarded as an independent prince, that he was merely a temporary governor of a Turkish province, accountable for all his acts to the sultan, whose sovereign rights must be respected, and at whose court a British ambassador represented the British nation. From this date the control of the Porte over the affairs of Turkish Arabia entered a new phase. Hitherto the pashas of Baghdad had indeed held office under a firman from Constantinople, but the individuals who really disposed of the destinies of the country were the Kurd chieftains of central and south-east Kurdistan, and the sheikhs of the Montefiq and other leading Arab tribes. A new vali could scarcely hope to succeed in enforcing the sultan's firman ordering the deposition of the vali in possession unless he could reckon upon Arab or Kurdish support. And inasmuch as Arab and Kurdish interests were usually ranged on opposite sides, a new succession was rarely settled without an appeal to arms. In one respect, its inaccessibility from Constantinople, Turkish Arabia resembled Egypt, and its remoteness from the centre of government necessarily impeded the consolidation of the sultan's authority. But Turkish Arabia differed from Egypt in that the population, instead of being abject fellahs destitute of leaders and incapable of resistance, consisted of independent and warlike Arab and Kurdish tribes, obedient to their sheikhs and beys and animated by a profound detestation of Ottoman rule. Hence it was that the valis of Baghdad were unable to turn the weakness of the central authority to their own profit and achieve an independent position; they were not strong enough to deal with the Arab and Kurdish chieftains as Mehemet Ali dealt with the Mamelukes.

I question, however, whether except for English support the sultan would ever have succeeded in establishing his authority in Turkish Arabia on anything like a firm basis, and for a time it was doubtful whether that support would be accorded. The competition between the imperial government and the governor-general of India for the supreme direction of Oriental politics which culminated in the despatch of rival embassies to Persia existed also in Turkish Arabia. If the government of India had prevailed, it is possible that the pasha of Baghdad would either have become a second khedive under Indian control, or have gradually drifted into a position like that of the iman of Maskat or the khan of Khelat. The orders, however, which prohibited the government of India from maintaining direct diplomatic relations with the pasha of Baghdad decided the question of local supremacy in the sultan's favor. They were followed by Chesney's Euphrates expedition, undertaken by the British government with the direct sanction of Sultan Mahmud II. And although the Arab sheikhs to whom the sultan's firmans were addressed were so little under the control of the Porte that Colonel Chesney concluded a treaty with one of the most powerful of them, the general effect of the expedition was to impress the people with the notion that behind the sultan was a stronger power. And this idea was confirmed by the character which British policy in Turkish Arabia gradually assumed. In the Persian Gulf the Indian navy maintained the peace of the sea and protected Basrah from attack by the maritime Arabs. A British gunboat patrolled the Tigris and the Euphrates, and kept in check the lawless tribes of lower Mesopotamia. A general support also was given to a series of measures undertaken by successive valis of Baghdad against the principal local chieftains, with the object of breaking their power and of compelling a complete recognition of imperial authority. And as war between Persia and Turkey would have seriously impeded the progress of this work of consolidation, strenuous and successful efforts were made to keep the peace, often in imminent danger of being broken, between the two Muhammadan powers.

Prima facie it would be natural to regard a province like Turkish Arabia, in which the Muhammadan element dominates all others, as a pillar of strength upon which a Muhammadan sovereign might lean with the fullest confidence.

There are, however, some considerations which appear to justify a different conclusion. In Turkish Arabia the Ottoman Turks are aliens, and Ottoman rule is odious to Arabs and Kurds not so much on account of its intrinsic defects — though the people are far from indifferent to these — as because it is the rule of a foreigner. The possession of a common faith is the sole bond of union between Arabs and Kurds and their Ottoman masters, but the cohesion which is the natural outcome of this tie has not penetrated far below the surface. The Kurds are mostly Sunnis, but the Arab tribes of Turkish Arabia are divided pretty equally into Sunnis and Shias, and the last of course utterly reject the sultan's claim to the spiritual leadership of Islam. In Baghdad itself and its immediate vicinity Shias are in the majority. Their religious sympathies incline towards Persia, and are so little favorable to the sultan that during the last Russian war the contingent of redifs enrolled among the Shias of Kerbela had to be collected at the point of the bayonet. Nor do the Sunni Kurds and the Sunni Arabs regard Ottoman supremacy from an incidental point of view. Putting aside things which are mere accessories, the real foundation of the sultan's title to the khalifate is his ability to protect Islam. As long as his material resources are equal to this task, so long will the Kurds acknowledge him to be the spiritual head of all Muhammadans, and therefore entitled to their obedience. With the Arabs the case is different. All Sunni Arabs sympathize in their inmost hearts with the idea of an Arab khalifate, and in their eyes the sultan is at best a Turk who has usurped and who holds by superior force the spiritual authority which rightfully belongs to the Beni Koreish, and which must eventually revert to them. In other words, the Kurds obey the sultan because as long as he is able to make good his position as an efficient protector of Islam they regard him without question, as rightful khalifa. The Arabs, on the other hand, acquiesce in the sultan's khalifate only because they are compelled by circumstances to acknowledge his authority as padishah or sovereign. The connection which subsists between the two things is so close and intimate that any diminution of the sultan's material resources must necessarily impair his spiritual authority. The Kurds would regard such diminution as evidence of the sultan's inability to protect Islam; the Arabs, as a sign that

the Ottoman usurpation of the khalifate is approaching its end. What has been the actual course of events during the last six years, and what effect have they produced upon the minds of the inhabitants of the Asiatic provinces of the Ottoman Empire? In Europe the Porte has been compelled to cede territory in the actual occupation of Muhammadans to fifth-rate Christian governments. In Asia, near their own homes, the Kurds have seen Batoum, Kars, and Ardahan pass under Russian dominion. Further, in the territory which remains to him, the Hedjaz and Yemen alone excepted, the sultan has been constrained by the *force majeure* of the Christian powers to set aside the precepts of the Koran and accord privileges to his Christian subjects which exalt them to a position of equality with the true believers. As to the effect which these incidents have already produced, that is shown in the unsettled state of all parts of Arabia during the past few years, and in the proceedings of Sheikh Obeidullah in Kurdistan. As to the results which may ultimately follow, experience has shown the difficulty of attempting a forecast of the future of the Ottoman Empire. And, therefore, it is with great diffidence that I venture to indicate what may possibly happen in Turkish Arabia in the course, perhaps, of the next few years. On the north-east, and along the entire length of its eastern frontier, Turkish Arabia is flanked by two contiguous inimical powers — Russia and Persia. Constantinople, on the other hand, is distant a month's journey from Baghdad, so that in the event of attack Turkish Arabia must depend upon its own resources for defence. These consist of a bankrupt exchequer; a *corps d'armée* of perhaps ten thousand men, whose pay is at least two years in arrear, and who are scattered in weak detachments over an immense tract of country; and a population more or less disaffected. Many people think that before long Russia will obtain an accession of territory in Armenia. If in the existing state of affairs Turkish Arabia is almost inaccessible from Constantinople, what will its position be when Russia holds Armenia, and Russian troops occupy Diarbekir? Under such circumstances the provinces which constitute the pashalik of Baghdad could hardly remain for long in Turkish hands. Either some Arab sheikh will establish himself in lower Mesopotamia, while the Kurds seize the country between Baghdad and Mosul; or Persia, supported by Russia, may ad-

vance from Kermanshah and Muhamerah and occupy Baghdad and Basrah. The fate of Turkish Arabia concerns England to some extent on account of the commercial interests involved, but chiefly for political reasons. British trade in these parts has increased enormously during the last ten or fifteen years, and if any serious attempt were made to develop the resources of the country, which is second only to lower Egypt in potential fertility, still greater results would soon be obtained. As to the political interests at stake there can be no doubt of their magnitude. It is not prudent for England to disregard the influence which a foreign power, acting as protector of the holy cities of Kerbela and Nejef, would be able to exercise over Shia Muhammadians. Every one knows the facilities which a gathering of pilgrims collected from all parts of the world offers for the dissemination of such political doctrines as may suit the exigencies of the time. But the matter of supreme importance is the fact that the power which obtains possession of lower Mesopotamia will command easy access to India by the Persian Gulf. The Tigris is navigable at all seasons of the year from Mosul, and in the spring floods from Diarbekir; the Euphrates, though in the marshes its channel is somewhat intricate, is navigable from Balis to Kornah, where the two rivers join. From Kornah to the sea there is water for vessels of a very considerable draught. The present condition of the Persian Gulf, regarded as one of the approaches to India, may be compared to that of the Red Sea before the overland route had been established, or the Isthmus of Suez pierced by a canal, and before Aden and Perim had passed under British rule. For years past the attention of British statesmen has been engaged in watching, in the interests of our Indian empire, the development of Russian policy in central Asia and northern Persia, and in opposing the introduction of Russian influence into Afghanistan. And, in furtherance of the same interests, we have recently undertaken military operations in Egypt, and we are still engaged in organizing a stable and trustworthy government in that country. But our calculations in respect to the protection of the north-west frontier of India, and the safety of our communications by the Suez Canal and the Red Sea, may be upset at short notice by the break-up of the Ottoman Empire in Asia, or a change of policy on the part of the sultan. Suppose, for instance, Syria should pass into

the hands of France in compensation for the loss of Egypt, Armenia into those of Russia, and Mesopotamia become a province either of Russia or of Persia, which is almost synonymous with Russia; or suppose the policy of the pro-Russian party in Turkey should prevail, and Russia acquire the same influence in Turkey as she has acquired in Persia, the interest of the political situation so far as India is concerned would soon be concentrated in the Persian Gulf and its approaches. At present, with the exception of an occasional French or Turkish gunboat, no vessels of war other than English are seen in the gulf, and British influence is paramount over all other. But this state of things will not last forever, and it may be well to take thought for the defence of the Persian Gulf, and to remember that, with the exception of Bassidor, in the island of Kishm, we do not possess a single coaling station, much less a strategical position anywhere in these waters.

TREVOR CHICHELE PLOWDEN.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
CHARLES COTTON.

It is not often that one writer in a literary partnership is so thrown into the shade by the other as in "The Compleat Angler" Charles Cotton has been eclipsed by the fame of Walton. Beaumont and Fletcher, for instance, or the Erckmann-Chatrians, or Messrs. Besant and Rice in our own days, are popularly placed on the same level. Even anglers have acted unjustly to Cotton. While Walton's praises have been sounded far and wide in verse and prose, and himself set forth as the "common father" of all fishermen, the type of character to which all scholarly anglers should conform, unmerited neglect has fallen to the lot of Cotton. This has arisen partly from the Janus-like nature of his life and manners, in which he showed himself one moment a ruffling cavalier, by no means exempt from the vices usually ascribed to that character, and next moment appears as a friend of the guileless, unworldly Izaak Walton. Partly, too, the forgetfulness which has overtaken his name may be due to the fact that his share of "The Compleat Angler" (Part II.)—although for practical common sense and anticipation of the present age we deem it a striking and valuable book on a craft which has been celebrated in

so many treatises — contains none of those poetic, and at first sight unpremeditated, passages which are so attractive in Walton's writing, and is deficient also in that spirit of love to God and man which forms a special characteristic of his partner's style. Yet Cotton was a much more practised writer, and his works show a versatility and industry commendable in one who has been so freely censured for his libertine and reckless life. Hawkins has indulged in conjectures upon what formed the bond of friendship between the two authors of the primer of angling. "Mr. Cotton was both a wit and a scholar," he writes, "of an open, cheerful, and hospitable temper; endowed with fine talents for conversation, and the courtesy and affability of a gentleman, and was without as great a proficient in the art as a lover of the recreation of angling; these qualities, together with the profound reverence which he uniformly entertained for his father Walton, could not but endear him to the good old man," etc., etc. The truth seems to have been that Walton liked a cheerful companion, especially if he was a good angler, and that Cotton took care to betray no symptom of his lower and unworthy self while he conversed with the elder and more sedate man. But the bathos into which Hawkins falls is still more amusingly illustrated. After quoting Cotton's declaration about his own ability to capture fish with the worm, more or less, during every day of the year, "those days always excepted that upon a more serious account always ought so to be," the biographer adds, with the gravest countenance, "whence it is but just to infer that the delight he took in fishing was never a temptation with him to profane the Sabbath." Such child-like moralizing reminds us of nothing so much as the highly proper, if somewhat forced, morals deduced from Hogarth's paintings by Dr. Trusler in a painfully proper and trite volume. Whether Cotton did or did not fish on Sunday the biographer had no means of knowing, and it would only have been wise in him to repress his bland observations on a point which, after all, it is of little consequence for any one to be informed about. It is worth remembering, too, that sport and recreation on Sunday in the Caroline days was judged by a very different standard from that which prevails at present among the Scotch and among many English people. In 1569 Elizabeth had specially licensed sports on Sundays, and in 1618 James I. published his "Book of

Sports," as it is commonly called — a declaration of the different kinds of games which might lawfully be indulged in on Sundays. Nearer Cotton's own time, in 1633, Charles announced by Archbishop Laud what sports should be encouraged on Sunday, "to refresh the meaner sort who labor hard all the week" — viz., "dancing, either men or women; archery for men, leaping, vaulting, or any other such harmless recreation, May games, Whitsun ales, morris dances, and the setting up of May-poles, and other sports therewith used." It does not speak much for Hawkins's sagacity that he should measure the morals and manners of one age by those of another. If such violent amusements as we have named were not only lawful recreation, but were even to be encouraged in Cotton's time on the Sunday, he may well be supposed not to have seen much evil in the quiet and contemplative practice of angling, supposing that he ever indulged in it.

Sed hæc hactenus. In one of the most beautiful parts of Derbyshire the family of Cotton was settled at Beresford Hall, and here, on April 28, 1630, was Charles Cotton born. He seems to have received a fair education, culminating in a residence at Cambridge, whence he departed to travel for a time in France. His reckless, merry disposition was ever plunging him deeper into debt, so that he was at one period actually confined in a debtors' prison. Apart from pleasure, however, he is best known for his literary essays and love of angling. At the last he died in Westminster, 1687. Such is a brief outline of the life which the joint writer of "The Compleat Angler" led. Doubtless it was at times, especially in London, a noisy, racketing mode in which to fleet away life as men did in the golden days. Cotton is as distinctly inferior to Walton in moral strength as in literary style; yet the latter was greatly attached to him, as appears from internal evidence.

Cotton cannot have been very immoral to have been addressed with love by the grave and reverential Walton, as several passages show. The river Dove flowed near Beresford Hall, affording plenty of sport, and perhaps suggesting to Cotton, when in manhood he devoted himself to literature, the treatise by which he is best known and so gratefully remembered by all fishermen.

It is worth while completing the few facts known of his life by recording that he married in 1656, while dowered with very slender means of subsistence, a dis-

tant relation, Isabella, daughter of Sir Thomas Hutchinson, of Owtthorpe, Notts. His father dying two years after this marriage put the young pair in possession of the family estate; but as Cotton himself was impecunious at all times of his life, it is shrewdly supposed from the character of his father that the inheritance was not altogether free from mortgages and lawsuits. "The great Lord Falkland was wont to say," writes Hawkins, "that he pitied unlearned gentlemen in rainy weather. Mr. Cotton might possibly entertain the same sentiment; for in this situation we find that his employments were study for his delight and improvement, and fishing for his recreation and health;" and he adds in the same Philistine spirit which we have reprehended above, "for each of which several employments we may suppose he chose the fittest times and seasons."

Turning now to the fruits of his study, his first essay in print seems to have been an "Elegy on the Gallant Lord Derby," which was followed by a pamphlet called "A Panegyric to the King's Most Excellent Majesty." The first work, however, of any importance which he published can yet be read with pleasure. It is called "The Morall Philosophy of the Stoicks," and was originally written in French "by that ingenious gentleman, Monsieur de Vaix, first President of the Parliament of Provence." It was "Englished by Charles Cotton, Esq.," and was published by Henry Mortlock at the sign of the Phoenix in St. Paul's Churchyard, near the little north doorway—a shop soon to be rendered much more famous, as there also "The Compleat Angler" first saw the light. De Vaix's book had been translated some sixty years before by Dr. James, the first keeper of the Bodleian Library, but the dedication of the little 16mo to John Ferrers Eyre shows why Cotton translated it anew: "This little thing that I present to you, and to the world in your name, I translated seven years ago by my father's command, who was a great admirer of the author; so that what you see was an effect of my obedience, no part of my choice, my little studies (especially at that time) lying another way; neither had I so published it but that I was unwilling to have a thing (how mean soever) turned to waste paper that cost me some hours' pains, and which (however I may have disguised it) is no ill thing in itself." It treats of the advantages of reason, and is somewhat prolix, running to one hundred and eighteen

pages. Probably the above extract will satisfy the reader.

The next venture shows the looser side of Cotton's mind. It is called "Scarronides,"* a travesty of the first four books of Virgil's "Æneid," and is a mixture of genius, wit, buffoonery, and coarseness. Like many other books of the kind, it has been much relished, even by good judges. It undoubtedly suited the taste of the day, but is mostly too full-flavored for our own age. Fortunately we have travesties of greater merit, free also from the obscenity which mars Cotton's book. We will take a few comparatively innocent couplets as specimens of the poet's manner. They describe the dawn of the ill-fated day on which Dido goes hunting with Æneas, when Venus promises her

A match to go after her wonting,
Into the woods a squirrel-hunting;

much of the fun of the burlesque consisting of minimizing the heroic incidents of the epic:—

Meanwhile the Sun, as it his Course is,
Got up to dress, and water 's Horses;
When out the merry Hlunters come,
With them a fellow with a Drum,
Your Tyrian Squirrels will not budge else.
Well armed they were with Staves and Cudg-
els;†

Tykes too they had of all sorts, Bandogs,
Curs, Spaniels, Water-dogs, and Land-dogs.‡

Those exquisite lines of Virgil —

Et jam prima novo spargebat lumine terras
Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora cubile —

are metamorphosed into the following doggerel, the goddess being herself transformed into a country wench for the nonce:—

Aurora now who, I must tell ye,
Was grip'd with Dolors in her Belly,
Starts from her couch, and o'er her Head
Slipping a Petticoat of Red,
Forth of her morning-doors she goes,
In hasty wise to pluck a Rose.

We are unwilling, however, to hang and quarter Virgil after such a fashion, while those who are enamored of this style of poetry can find its type, and that much better executed, in "Hudibras."

Another production which is equally humorous, and, we must needs add, equally disreputable for uncleanness of thought and diction, is entitled "Burlesque upon

* Printed at Whitehaven, 1776, for John Dunn (but there are no fewer than fourteen editions of the book); it is a creditable specimen of provincial printing.

† A facetious translation of "lato venabula ferro."

‡ Cnf. "odora canum vis."

Burlesque ; or, The Scoffer Scoft ; being some of Lucian's dialogues newly put into English Fustian. For the consideration of those who had rather laugh and be merry than be merry and wise. London, 1675." It may be charitably hoped that a copy of this book never came into Walton's hands. The treatise is an excellent example of work which in his later years shames a man and covers him with confusion at the thought of the time which has been so greatly misspent upon it, and the mischief which he has done by thus hurling firebrands about him in print. There is an undercurrent of profanity throughout this burlesque which not seldom comes to the surface, even if we absolve its coarseness by the plea that it is only a true reflection of the manners of the day. As a sample of the piece the following amusing scene may be selected, where Jove sends Mercury to command the Sun to stop three whole days in his course. Having delivered the order, Mercury adds to the dismayed Sun-god :—

Wherefore I think it thy best course is
To let the Hours unteam thy horses,
Get a good night-cap on thy head,
Put out thy torch and go to bed.

The Sun replies indignantly :—

'Tis an extravagant Command
And that I do not understand.
What I have done I fain would know,
That Jupiter should use me so ?
What fault committed in my place
To put upon me this disgrace ?
Have I not ever kept my Horses
In the precincts of their due Courses ?
Or, though twelve Inns are in my way,
Did I e'er drink, or stop, or stay ?
Bear witness, all the gods in heaven,
If I've not duly Morn and Even
Rosen and set, and care did take
To keep touch with the Almanack ?
What then my fault is, I confess,
If I should dye, I cannot guess ;
And why he should, much less I know,
Suspend me *ab officio*.
It sure must be a great offence
Deserves the worst of punishments,
As this is he on me doth lay
That Night must triumph over Day.

(P. 82.)

The Sun's anger at the unreasonable command is somewhat amusing if we remember that in Homer, when aggrieved at another slight put upon him, he threatens to go down and shine in Hades instead of giving light to gods and men in the upper world, and has to be hastily appeased by Jupiter for fear he should carry out his threat.

"The Wonders of the Peake" (3rd edition, London, 1734) is a much finer poem ; though, sooth to say, somewhat dull to our century, which is satiated with guide-books. It is dedicated to Elizabeth, Countess of Devonshire. Anglers will still agree with his lines on the Dove :—

Of all fair Thetis's daughters, none so bright,
So pleasant none to taste, none to the sight,
None yield the gentle Angler such delight.

Chatsworth, too, is described, the wonders of the cave scenery in the Peak, and the like. Cotton's sentiments on this district sufficiently appear in "The Compleat Angler." Another of his longer poems is "A Voyage to Ireland." His minor poetical works, which were published after his death, consist of eclogues, odes, letters, and translations from Catullus, Martial, Corneille, Guarini, and others. Some of these are unreadable at the present day, owing to the freedom of their language ; others, says Hawkins, are of so courtly and elegant a turn that they might vie with many of the lighter pieces of Waller and Cowley. We have always found wisdom and melody in his long piece on "Contentation," addressed "to my dear father and most worthy friend, Mr. Isaac Walton." Cotton is here at his best. The poem was probably written in mature life, when he had discovered by bitter experience the vanity of wide desires and lofty ambitions. Therefore it may be regarded as a palinode, and gives a pleasing idea of its composer when he had at length attained the philosophic mind. The following is no badly painted portrait of the happy man :—

Who from the busy world retires,
To be more useful to it still,
And to no greater good aspires
But only the eschewing ill ;

Who with his angle and his books,
Can think the longest day well spent,
And praises God, when back he looks,
And finds that all was innocent.

This man is happier far than he
Whom public business oft betrays,
Through labyrinths of policy,
To crooked and forbidden ways.

How charming, too, is the couplet —

It is content alone that makes
Our pilgrimage a pleasure here :
And who buys sorrow cheapest, takes
An ill commodity too dear.

The point of the whole exhortation to contentment is contained in the pretty lines —

He comes soonest to his rest

Whose journey has been most secure.

It is time, however, to turn to Cotton's prose works. These show the versatility of his genius even better than the poems. In the "Life of the Duke d'Espernon from 1598 to 1642" we have history written with gravity and judgment. "The Fair One of Tunis" is a translation from a French novel. "The Planter's Manual, being Instructions for Cultivating all Sorts of Fruit Trees," tells its own story. "The Memoirs of the Sieur de Pontis" is a biography of a soldier who served in the French army for sixty-six years, under Henry IV., Louis XIII., and Louis XIV. Cotton touched a softer topic in his "Five Love Letters from a Nun to a Cavalier done out of French into English. Printed for Henry Brome, at The Gun, at the West End of St. Paul's; 1678." The unfortunate nun takes much blame to herself in these letters, and shows boundless love to one who had certainly never deserved it. "We cannot easily bring ourselves to suspect the faith of those we love," she says. And again: "The delights of my love, I must confess, have been strangely surprising, but followed with miseries not to be expressed." Her philosophy is suitable to her sex. "I dealt too openly and plainly with you at first; I gave you my heart too soon. It is not love alone that begets love; there must be skill and address, for it is artifice, and not passion, that begets affection" (p. 109). Cotton bespeaks the attention of the reader in the preface to the "felicities and niceties" of these letters. They are not so impassioned as the outpourings of Héloïse to Abelard; but these naïve confessions are full of a graceful courtesy, and breathe a love truer, it may be feared, than his to whom she poured out her heart. At the end of the book is a curious advertisement of books printed "since the dreadful fire of London," 1660 to 1678.

Of all his prose works, his translation of Montaigne's essays is the best. Florio's had become obsolete, but Cotton's translation is yet in request; and of all who have tried their powers at rendering the quaint humors of the old Frenchman into English, Cotton has probably approximated closer to their spirit, because his own disposition was cast in much the same mould as Montaigne's, and he possessed the same faculty of deeply enjoying the common things of daily life. Both are garrulous, and yet both can make good use of the "free franchise of silence." The sense of bodily pleasure is

deeply ingrained in both men; "let us old fellows take the first opportune time of eating, and leave to Almanack-makers the hopes and prognostics;" "I fear a fog, and fly from smoke as from a plague." Cotton would heartily sympathize with his master herein.

Another work which must have been dear to the lighter moods of Cotton is "The Compleat Gamester,"* and probably few men of his time were more competent to write such a manual. Every here and there his practical knowledge of gambling peeps out, and over and over again he intersperses a moral, or a sarcasm at fortune, bitter evidences of the scathing fires through which he had been for so many years passing. The frontispiece is made up of gallants cock-fighting, card-playing, practising billiards, and other games, arranged in compartments. A long poetical account of this follows, written in a sententious fashion. "Gaming is an enchanting witchery, gotten betwixt idleness and avarice," says the author. Then succeed the games, of which he treats in order. It is curious to find him only naming some twenty games of cards. The moral which he appends to the section on bowls may serve to account for the soured manner in which he speaks of games and gambling as a whole. "To give you the Moral of it, it is the Emblem of the World, or the World's Ambition, where most are short, over wide or wrong byassed, and some few jostle in to the Mistress, Fortune! And here it is as in the Court, where the nearest are the most spighted, and all Bowls aim at the other" (p. 224).

Having lost his first wife, whom he tenderly loved,† he turned once more to the joys of gambling, with the natural result that he became more embarrassed than ever, and was even confined in London for debt. While at Beresford Hall he is said to have been obliged to fly from the bailiff into the refuge of a neighboring cavern, where food was daily carried him by a faithful domestic. At length he

* The Compleat Gamester; or full and easy directions for playing at above 20 different games upon the cards, with variety of diverting fancies and tricks upon the same, now first added, as likewise at all the games on the tables, together with the Royal Game of Chess and Billiards; to which is added the Gentleman's Diversion on the Arts and Mysteries of Riddig, Racing, Archery, Cockfighting, and Bowling. 5th edition, 12mo; 1725. By C. Cotton.

† The best and sweetest fair
Is allotted to my share:

But alas! I love her so,
That my love creates my woe.

(The Joys of Marriage, by C. Cotton.)

married the dowager Countess of Ardglass, who had a jointure of fifteen hundred a year, and was, we may hope, thus succored in his greatest time of need. This lady survived him, but his children all sprung from the first marriage. They are named in the act of administration of his affairs as Beresford Cotton, Esq.; Olive, Catherine, Jane, and Mary Cotton. Of the future fortunes of his descendants, Hawkins tells us, little is known. One of the daughters, however, married Dean Stanhope, and as his name is identical with that of Cotton's mother, he may have been distantly connected with the family.

The reader will have noticed that angling as one of the sports suitable for gentlemen is not named in the "Gamester." This Cotton reserved for the work which has most redounded to his fame, the second part of Walton's "Compleat Angler." After the quaint fashion of the day, Walton had adopted him as his angling "son;" so that Cotton dedicates his book to "my most worthy Father and Friend, Mr. Isaac Walton." Not to be behind-hand in courtesies, the latter rejoins, "Let me tell you, sir, that I will really endeavor to live up to the character you have given of me, if there were no other reason, yet for this alone, that you that love me so well, and always think what you speak, may not for my sake suffer by a mistake in your judgment." From these and other expressions of the revered father of angling in the same address, it is very evident that Cotton shows his worst side in his poetry. He has hardly done himself justice with posterity in thus pandering to the depraved taste of the age. This second part of "The Compleat Angler" was written in ten days, and is a wonderful proof of the author's versatility. He despatched it on March 10, 1676, from Beresford, and Walton dedicated the printed copy to him on April 29 of the same year, which would be thought expeditious even in the present day. The author modestly disclaims any rivalry with Walton; he "would not pretend to give lessons in angling after him;" but, knowing that he himself had all his life angled in some of the clearest rivers of the kingdom, he thinks that he may be allowed to give special instructions in the art of fly-making, and in using finer tackle than what pleased Walton. In form, Cotton's book is a close imitation of Walton's, the interlocutors being himself as Piscator, and the same traveller Viator who appears in the former part as Venator, and had been converted by Walton to the pleas-

ures of fishing. It consists of twelve chapters, treating, not so much of fishing generally, especially the catching of the commoner fish, which had been taught in Part I., but after a preliminary chapter introducing the subject, a second gives an account of the principal rivers in Derbyshire, and of Cotton's fishing-house, of angling for trout and grayling, and that chiefly with the artificial fly. A toothsome receipt is given in another chapter (Part II. x.) for boiling trout, an excellent mode of cooking the fish, as we can witness, if only it be a large trout. Worm and minnow fishing for the same two generous fish conclude the treatise. It is worth noticing here that the kind of worm-fishing which Cotton recommends is almost, if not quite, identical with that clever use of this bait common in summer among the anglers of the present day on the clear, still rivers of the border and lowlands. This, we hold, is the only sportsmanlike method of using worm for trout. Scented baits Cotton regards as useless; this is the opinion of the best modern authorities; "though I will not deny to you," he adds, "that in my younger days I have made trial of oil of osprey, oil of ivy, camphire, asafoetida, juice of nettles, and several other devices that I was taught by several anglers I met with, but could never find any advantage by them" (Part II. xi.). With regard to minnow-fishing, however, Cotton was not quite so sagacious. He could not foresee the development of the system as seen in the fishing for *S. ferox* on the Scotch lochs at present, where boat after boat, through the long summer days, drags artificial minnows — angels or phantoms — up and down, till numbers of the best fish are pricked, harried, disturbed, and rendered incurably shy. Indeed, Cotton had no belief in an artificial minnow; though we kill fish, he observes, with a counterfeit fly, "methinks it should hardly be expected that a man should deceive a fish with a counterfeit fish." In angling, however, as in most other sciences, *a priori* ideas are untrustworthy.

To Venator, now converted to "as good, a more quiet, innocent, and less dangerous diversion" than his old amusement, Cotton, having casually met him in his own district of the Peak, promises directions "that my father Walton himself will not disapprove, though he did either purposely omit, or did not remember them, when you and he sat discoursing under the sycamore-tree" (Pt. II. i.). In the course of these remarks the character of

Walton is beautifully limned, by his friend and coadjutor in "The Compleat Angler." In him, says Cotton, I "know the worthiest man, and enjoy the best and the truest friend any man ever had." And, again, in words which do equal honor to the disciple as the master: "My father Walton will be seen twice in no man's company he does not like, and likes none but such as he believes to be very honest men, which is one of the best arguments, or at least of the best testimonies I have, that I either am or that he thinks me one of these, seeing I have not yet found him weary of me." And a little after we are told that Walton would not endure to be treated like a stranger, so true a friend was he. The astonishment betrayed by Viator at the wonders or even the common sights of the Peak is sufficiently ludicrous, did we not know that, even in the next century, Scotland, with its lochs and mountains now annually visited by thousands, was only regarded by those compelled to visit it with a shuddering horror. He has actually accomplished, he tells Piscator, "so long a journey as from Essex." Here, again, we of the nineteenth century do not sufficiently bear in mind the state of English roads until the last sixty years. The Peak mountains are alluded to with much distaste as "Alps." "I hope our way does not lie over any of these," adds Viator, "for I dread a precipice." As the traveller in the legend rejoices on being in a civilized land when he comes across a gibbet, so Viator is reassured at the sight of a church. "What have we here? As I am an honest man, a very pretty church! Have you churches in this country, sir?" and he again betrays his amazement in the remark, "If you will not be angry, I'll tell you; I thought myself a stage or two beyond Christendom." Walton, it may be remembered, in his part of the immortal "Angler," is no refrainer from "small liquors;" he loves his morning draught at the Thatched House in Hoddesdon, and we greatly fear would have scandalized Sir Wilfrid and the Blue Ribbon Army at present in spite of his piety. So Viator and his new friend Piscator call at the Talbot with a "What ho! bring us a flagon of your best ale!" which is drunk as a kind of compliment, amusingly enough, to the country, "for a man should not, methinks, come from London to drink wine in the Peak." And when, in the seventh chapter, a long and somewhat dry account of flies is given by Viator's mentor, the former's suggestion of "a glass and a pipe" is met with

approbation. "I thank you, sir, for that motion," says the *raconteur*, "for, believe me, I am dry with talking: here boy! give us here a bottle and a glass; and, sir, my service to you and to all our friends in the South!" Nor need Viator ingeniously have remembered that he had eaten "good powdered beef" at dinner "*or something else*" ("Any excuse will serve the turn," we hear a modern teetotaller exclaim), in order to account for being thirsty. The two men had talked long, and done a good day's fishing among the trout and grayling, and had earned the right to be thirsty. He who would deny them their glass of honest ale deserves the indignation which Sir W. Scott heaped upon Sir H. Davy, who in his "*Salmonia*" only allows his friends a pint of claret each at dinner.

Cotton insists in their discourse upon what we have always regarded as the golden rule of fly-fishing, to stand as far back from the bank as possible. Ingenious diagrams to show the manner in which a trout can see a man near the water, but hidden by an intervening bank, have been published by Ronalds and others. If a man stands sufficiently far back he need not trouble his head about angles of incidence or laws of refraction, and if it be at all an angling day he will fill his basket with fish. At present we should take exception to the statement that the Lathkin in the Peak district breeds the reddest and best trout in England. The Itchen, Teme, and one or two more streams of minor note and size would certainly vanquish its pretensions. We shall not here enter upon any criticism of Cotton's method, directions, or the flies which he recommends, as we are not dwelling on the practical so much as the scholarly side of angling. But the particularity with which some of his flies are described is sufficiently amusing. It reminds us of a parish clerk long since gone to his rest, who was famous in Devonshire during his day for making the best "March browns" in the countryside. One day he confided their secret to a friend. They were made out of a very mangy catskin waistcoat which he had worn until it almost fell to pieces! So Cotton recommends a "red-brown fly" for January to be made of "the dubbing of the tail of a black, long coated ewe, such as they commonly make muffs of." The same fly for the next month is to be fashioned of "the black spot of a hog's ear; not that a black spot in any other part of the hog will not afford the same

color, but that the hair in that place is by many degrees softer and more fit for the purpose." There seems here a justification for the old proverb about making a silken purse from a hog's ear. The best of all flies, however, for a man to kill with must be with a "brown that looks red in the hand and yellowish betwixt your eye and the sun." Unluckily, Cotton does not impart the secret of making this phoenix. It resembles to our mind nothing so much as the Irishman's "fiery red," with which he could kill a basketful when no one else could stir a fin.

Although we poke fun at Cotton, it must be confessed that his directions for fly-fishing are sound in the main, and have been little improved upon during the two centuries which have elapsed since he wrote them, despite the flood of books on fly-fishing which has been descending in those years upon the devoted head of the scholar-angler.* The science itself has not appreciably advanced; the method of tying flies, choosing patterns, etc., is much as it was. Every now and then an outcry is made among anglers about the need of a return to first principles, nature's handiwork in the tints and make of flies. The storm passes by; and fly-fishers contentedly fall back upon the stock patterns of the tackle-sellers. Time, therefore, has not dealt ruthlessly with Cotton's directions. These, it must be confessed, are still his chief justification for being bound up with Walton. The haste of the composition of Part II. of itself precluded the insertion of such pleasing interludes as the gypsies and their roguery and the beggar's contention (Part I. v.), Coridon's song, Maid Marian, and the like. Again, digressions such as that upon hawks and hawking, or the inquiry into the antiquity of angling, in which his "father" might well indulge, were cut off from Cotton by the evil limits of time. His character would not lead us to expect the beautiful and more didactic writing which comes out in Walton's eulogy on thankfulness or contentment. Nor did the younger man possess the same elevated thoughts and felicity of language which are apparent in Venator's long speech in Part I. xvi. Again, Cotton's sympathies with nature were not so broad as those of his coadjutor, who describes and dwells with fondness upon his "pretty, airy creatures" the turtle-dove, nightingale, robin, among birds; or the "darling of the sea," the

hermit-fish, sea-angler, and others. We should be glad to hug Walton's first part to our hearts without Cotton's addition were the latter's directions ever to become antiquated. It is quite easy to fancy an angler, and a "complete" one, without Cotton; but such a delightful character could never live and enjoy his proper bliss without the charm of Walton's prose and the music of his periods, and especially without the elevated sentiments of the "common father of anglers." It may be that many of Walton's paragraphs smack of the lamp rather than the primrose and ladysmocks, which are so frequently introduced; that some betray an absence of spontaneity and a recasting which slightly mar their effect upon a critical ear. Even with these drawbacks, his style is unapproached for simplicity, beauty, and grace. It is the perfection of ordinary prose, if it has missed the stately proportions of more classical and regular writers. This it is which has endeared Walton to many generations of fishermen. Like the directness, gravity, and chastened simplicity of the Authorized Version, he wins every ear and heart, the poor man's as well as the scholar's. Yet we own to a measure of love for Cotton, versatile, reckless, charming cavalier that he was. "I could never have met with a more obliging master," we say with Via tor, "my first excepted" (Part II. vi.). At present, however, Piscator's farewell must be ours. "I see you are weary; take counsel of your pillow. Here, take the lights, and pray follow them, sir. Command anything you want, and so I wish you good rest!" (Part II. ii.)

M. G. WATKINS.

From The National Review.
THE TALE OF TRISTRAM AND ISEULT.

No one knows where this celebrated story precisely came from, nor who the poet was that first cast it in a metrical form. To judge from the oldest fragments extant, this tale, so familiar to mediæval Europe, was of Celtic origin; but learned German commentators trace some of the leading characters and incidents as far back as the Egyptian god Ptah and the goddess Isis. Be that as it may, the tale of Tristram and Iseult seems rather the spontaneous growth of popular imagination than the conscious work of particular poets, and to have freely assimilated half-forgotten memories of extinct mythol-

* For these books, see the admirable *Bibliotheca Piscatoria* of Messrs. Satchell & Westwood, which has recently been published.

ogies. Vestiges of the unavoidable solar-myth are probably also discernible in it. The hero's skill on the harp, gifts of minstrelsy, and fight with the dragon certainly recall the leading attributes of the sun-god. But what matter how it originated, since it is now one of the best love-stories in the world, thanks above all to Gottfried von Strassburg, the mediæval German poet, whose epic deserves to be far better known than it is, being the most complete and masterly treatment of a subject which seems to have found its final interpretation in the harmonies of Wagner. That great composer could not well have selected a fitter subject for musical treatment. For the broad epic character of this tale, the symbolic nature of its chief incidents, the sublimity of its passion, satisfy the requirements of an art which necessarily deals with what is most elemental in human life. In this respect Wagner's musical drama possesses undoubted grandeur, but this grandeur is attained by the sacrifice of a multiplicity of details imparting life and movement to the original story. To understand the modifications of the latter, let us pass in review some of the numerous poems founded on this romantic topic, among which Gottfried's "Tristan" takes the foremost place.

This poet, of whom nothing is personally known, although he produced one of the chief works of mediæval Europe, lived about the end of the twelfth and the beginning of the thirteenth century. It has been inferred, from certain indications, such as the absence of armorial bearings in the portrait extant in the Paris MS., that Master Gottfried, as he is called, was not of gentle birth, but a notary to the town of Strassburg or of its bishop. The latter seems unlikely, however, to judge from the strong anti-hierarchical bias which occasionally pierces through his poem. Equally scanty is our knowledge of the sources whence the poet drew his materials. It is true he frequently refers to one Thomas, sometimes calling him Thomas of Brittanía, as the only authentic writer on this subject; but it has never been clearly ascertained who is meant by this. As the *trouvères* or minstrels of the north of France are supposed to have first sung the loves of "Tristan and Isolde," it seems likely that the French poet named Thomas, a native of Brittany, who wrote on this subject, might have been Gottfried's model. The number of French words, phrases, even whole verses, with which he has interspersed his poem,

seems to corroborate this supposition. Walter Scott, on the other hand, in his learned edition of "Sir Tristrem" by Thomas of Ercildoune or the Rhymers, believes that the latter is meant by Thomas of Brittanía. The date seems to render this supposition impossible, Walter Scott assigning 1219 as the approximate year of the Rhymers' birth, while German editors name 1210 as the likeliest date of the composition of Gottfried's "Tristan." The coincidence between the two narratives is so singular, however, that, unless one copied it from the other, they must have adhered to an older authority equally well known to both. But from whatever sources Gottfried von Strassburg may have collected his materials, to him belongs the glory of having welded the whole into a beautiful poem; though he died, unfortunately, before he could bring his work to a close. His successors, Ulrich von Türheim and Heinrich von Friberg, wrote each a separate ending, a third one having been supplied in modern times by the poet Hermann Kurz.

When one considers that Gottfried wrote at the beginning of the thirteenth century, a time of unparalleled religious enthusiasm, when Europe poured half its population to the Holy Land; when men and women flying from the temptations of the world inmured themselves in convents and monasteries; when pilgrims of all ages swarmed to Rome to seek absolution for their sins, while in gloomy forest and desolate waste the hermit built his cell, remote from human fellowship; when one considers all this, it is truly wonderful how free is this mediæval poem from all traces of ascetic mysticism of the times. Though it has caught the glamor of Christian chivalry, it abounds in survivals of pre-historic myths. Learned German commentators even perceive affinities to Osiris and Isis in Tristan and Isolde, trace remnants of Druidism in their little dog Petterci, and discover nothing more or less than a cromlech or fairy grotto in Gottfried's enchanting *Minne-grotte*!

This blending of mythical elements with German sentiment, and a love of intrigue worthy of Balzac or Daudet, imparts great variety and charm to Gottfried's work. The harmonious impact of a great genius on an age pre-eminently addicted to chivalry and the glorification of a feminine ideal, an age which had transmuted love into worship, and which recognized no law higher than the sensi-

bility of tender hearts, alone could have produced such a romance. Limpid expression, musical versification, an instinctive felicity in the choice of words and imagery distinguish the Strassburg poet's work. He shows a rare sweetness in the descriptions of nature, but of nature in her blandest moods: the singing of birds in summer woods, the sprouting of little flowers on the vernal grass, the bubbling of springs and scent of lime-trees; but rarer still than all this amiable portrayal of landscape is the art with which he sounds the whole diapason of the master passion.

The poem is in rhymed octo-syllables full of liquid double endings and rhythmical irregularities, as with the old English ballads and border minstrelsy; irregularities of feet, and even occasionally of accent, far more musical than the most learned rules can enforce. However inadequate any translation must necessarily be, the following lines will give an idea of Gottfried's verse:—

Whate'er betide, O let me not
Out of your heart! For well I wot
From mine you ne'er shall sever;
For Isolde now and ever
Abides with Tristan to the end.
Remember, mistress, sweetest friend,
How grief will waste me when afar
I darkling roam without my star.
Whate'er betide in weal or woe
Ne'er from your heart let Tristan go.
Then back she stepped a little way:
Sweet Lord, she answered sighing, Yea,
We twain, e'en like one heart and will,
Have overlong been wont to thrill,
And beat in time to the same tune,
That now we ever, late or soon,
Should learn oblivion, or, I wis,
What strangeness or forgetting is.
Near or afar with me you stay,
And in my heart there shall for aye
No joy of living thing be rife
But Tristan very breath of life.

Gottfried's epic begins with the history of Riwalin, who, repairing to the court of Mark, king of Cornwall, wins the heart of his sister Blancheflur. She flies with him across the sea to Parmenia, which has been invaded by Duke Morgan, and after a hasty marriage Riwalin proceeds to the defence of his territory. Having performed prodigies of valor he is defeated and slain, and on hearing the news Blancheflur shed not a single tear—for, as the poet says, her heart was turned to stone—nor ever spoke again, but died after giving birth to a son who was christened Tristan, that is to say, the sorrowful.

Adopted by Rual, his father's faithful steward, the child was carefully trained in every knightly accomplishment; at the age of fourteen he was kidnapped by Norwegian sea-rovers, who, terrified by an awful storm, landed him on the Cornish coast. Falling in accidentally with a party of hunters, he won their good graces by showing them the scientific mode of breaking up a stag, and in consequence of this performance he was brought before Mark at Tintagel. The king, delighted with the young huntsman, who excelled equally in singing, harp-playing, and a knowledge of foreign tongues, made him his favorite companion, and eventually learned from Rual, who had searched far and wide for his foster son, what was the secret of his birth. Soon after, when Mark was much distressed by the arrival of Morold, who in the name of Gurmun, king of Ireland, claimed a tribute of gold, silver, and three hundred young children, Tristan found an opportunity of showing his gratitude by offering, upon his being knighted, to oppose the claim and defend the freedom of Cornwall. The two champions sailed to an island to decide the combat, and, although King Mark's nephew was dangerously wounded, he, with his sword, clove Morold's skull, in which a piece of the blade remained. But Tristan's wound, having been inflicted by an envenomed weapon, became so bad that his only chance of cure lay in setting sail for Ireland to seek the assistance of its queen, renowned for her skill in leech-craft. To avoid recognition as the slayer of her brother Morold, he gave out that he was a merchant named Tantris; and the queen having healed him, he repaid her services by instructing her beautiful daughter Isolde in minstrelsy, poetry, and the noble game of chess. On his return Mark, hearing his praises of the young princess, sent him back to Ireland to demand her in marriage. But King Gurmun had just offered his daughter's hand to any man who should kill a fiery dragon which was ravaging the country. The valorous Sir Tristan went on shore immediately to attack this monster, broke his spear on its impenetrable hide, lost his horse, and finally smote off the dragon's jaw. After cutting out its tongue he fainted from the stench. The king's steward, who had been treacherously lying in wait all this while, now secured the reptile's head, went to court, and claimed the princess. The queen and her daughter, distrusting his account, repaired at midnight to the scene of action, and in

the moonlight Isolde spied the glint of a helmet in a tarn, which the hero, on the point of swooning, had plunged into for coolness. He was rescued, restored to consciousness, and, the dragon's tongue proving him the victor, he now offered to meet the steward in combat. While he was taking a medicated bath, the princess, who had been examining his weapons, accidentally discovered the gap in his sword and found that the piece in her uncle's brain-pan fitted it exactly. Full of indignation, seeing that Tantris was Tristan, Morold's slayer, she seized the sword and rushed upon the helpless knight with seeming intent to kill him (but, as Gottfried says, never would have done so) Her mother stays her hand, and for her child's sake is willing to forgive the death of her brother. Seeing the queen so mercifully inclined, Tristan makes his peace with her by disclosing that the gentle, great, and powerful king of Cornwall has sent him to seek her daughter for his bride. Thereupon, though the princess protests a little, they kiss in sign of reconciliation; and the next day there is a great festival at court, when the steward, amid much laughter, withdraws his claim on being shown the dragon's tongue. At this festival the radiant young princess, accompanying her mother, wore "a cloak and gown of brown velvet in the latest French fashion, the last, tightly laced down the sides and seeming to have grown to her, fell in many folds to her feet. With the thumb of her left hand she held the pearl-cord fastening her ermine-lined cloak. And the delicate gold circlet round her head, contending with the gold of her hair, would not have been distinguishable from it but for the shining of the gems. Her eyes, resembling those of a falcon on his perch, glanced sedately round the hall, to the loss of many a knight's heart."

Soon after this the princess, accompanied by Tristan, Brangane, and a large retinue, went on board the vessel that was to convey her to King Mark. The queen, to ensure her daughter's happiness, had entrusted Brangane with a love potion, with directions that Mark and his bride should partake of it on the evening of their marriage. After being at sea some time, "owing to the unwonted misery of the delicate ladies of the retinue," Tristan bade the ship be anchored in a bay, so that its passengers might refresh themselves by going on shore. But the princess remaining on board —

Sir Tristan now went forth to hold
Speech with his lady, sweet Isold,

And by her side he sat him there,
With courtly looks and greetings fair,
And talked with her of many a thing;
And then Sir Tristan bade them bring
A drink; but near the Queen withal,
There were but sundry maidens small;
And one made answer: "In that glass
There's wine." This was no wine, alas
Though such forsooth it seemed, within
Lurked heavy sorrow, heavier sin,
The heart-break and the endless pain
By which in the end they both were slain.
The maiden, who knew nought of this,
Straightway arose, and not remiss,
Went to the place where, in the glass,
That badly hidden potion was.
And to her master gave it there,
Who gave it to his lady fair.
Full loth she drank, oppressed with woe,
Then gave it him, who drank also;
That it was wine they both did ween.
Meanwhile Brangane rejoined the Queen,
And straightway recognized the glass,
And knew whereof the question was.
Then such great fear her heart did sway,
That it took all her strength away,
And like a corpse she was to see,
And with a broken heart went she
And took the hapless, unblest cup,
And went wildly, held it up
And cast it in the roaring sea:
Oh woe! she cried, oh woe is me,
Oh would that I had ne'er been born!
Poor wretch, who now must ever mourn
Lost honor and fidelity,
For which remorse will never die.
Alas Isolde, and alas Tristan,
That fatal drink will be your ban!
Now that the maiden and the man,
Isold la bele and Sir Tristan
Had drunk together, what came to pass?
There straight the world-disturber was,
Dame Venus, who men's hearts doth chase,
And stole into their hearts apace.
And ere yet either was aware,
She waved her flag above the pair,
And drew them unresistingly
Within her rule and sovereignty;
Then indivisible they grew,
Whose lives were separate hitherto;
And Isold's hate was clean forgot,
The twain had but one heart I wot,
Her sorrow came to be his woe,
His sorrow became hers also;
And yet both strove to hide the same,
Being sadly vexed with doubt and shame,
And ever they shrank in fear and dread
From words that might not be unsaid.

The unhappy pair, though they would wish never to reach land, arrive at last in Cornwall, and though Isolde is now wedded to King Mark, her heart remains Tristan's. With the assistance of Brangane, who considers herself as the sole cause of their guilt, the lovers often meet in secret, but their meetings being discovered by Meriadok, brother in arms of Sir

Tristan, who informs the king of his suspicions, the cunning dwarf Melot is set as a spy upon them. The king now ostensibly goes on a hunting match, and Tristan, who carries on a communication with the queen by means of light twigs thrown into the stream which runs through the garden close by her bower, invites her to an interview. This is discovered by the dwarf, and on the next night he and the king conceal themselves in a tree; but Tristan, coming to the tryst just as the moon rises above the mountains, sees the shadow of two crouching figures cast on the grass, and, suspecting the truth, he manages to put the queen on her guard. Tristan now most respectfully entreats the queen to intercede for him with his uncle, but she, alleging that the king is already sufficiently incensed with her on his account, refuses his request. The suspicions of the king of Cornwall being thus set at rest, he receives his nephew back into favor, creating him his high constable.

Several years elapse, during which the king, having fresh cause for jealousy, banishes Sir Tristan, but on hearing of his mighty deeds, becomes again reconciled to him. At last, however, finding further proof of the love between the queen and his nephew, he grows so incensed as to banish them from his dominions. They then take refuge in the cavern of a deep forest, only accompanied by the faithful Kurwenal and the dog Hodain. Not far from the cavern is a valley with a fountain set in its midst, sheltered by three tall lime-trees. To this delicious spot the fond pair would resort at dawn, and while away the time with tales of true love; and, sings the poet, —

Many I daresay now will think,
And wonder on what food and drink
Tristan and his Isole did fare
While in the wilderness they were.
These doubts I'll answer in this wise,
They looked each in the other's eyes,
And sumptuously the twain thus fed
On love and noble hardihead.

After a twelvemonth's residence in the forest, the king, happening to hunt there, discovers the retreat of Tristan and Isole, and, from what he sees, comes to the conclusion that the reports about them have been vile slanders. They are therefore honorably reinstated at court, but not for long. The dwarf again betraying a meeting between them, Sir Tristan is finally banished from Cornwall, and tries to forget his troubles by going to Brittany, and there assisting the Duke of Arundel, whose town is besieged and whose islands

are harried by his enemies. By the hero's valor the contest is soon ended, and he is introduced to the daughter of the duke. She has the same name as the Cornish queen, but is called Isole aux Blanches Mains. Whenever the unhappy knight hears his lady's name, his eyes betray the grief which preys on him. But the duke and his son and daughter mistake the cause of his emotion; for she of the white hands having fallen in love with her father's defender, and hearing him constantly singing songs with the burden,

Isolt man drue, Isolt m'amie,
En vus ma mort, en vus ma vie,

believes that her passion is reciprocated, and makes no secret of her own. The duke, under the same impression, offers Sir Tristan his daughter's hand, and the chivalrous knight, hopeless of ever meeting his own Isole again, and too courtly to hurt the feelings of a lady, makes up his mind, though in much tribulation, to wed with Isole aux Blanches Mains.

Gottfried von Strassburg's *Tristan* ends abruptly at this point: but the conclusion may be given as told by his German successors. Isole of Brittany is only a wife in name, Tristan having married her for courtesy. In trying to save the life of her brother, he is mortally wounded, and sends Kurwenal to the queen of Cornwall to inform her of his plight. The faithful follower is told to hoist a white sail if he brings the queen back with him, a black sail if he does not. And ever Sir Tristan asked what manner of sails hove in sight on the sea. But she of the white hands seeing the gleam of a white sail drawing landwards, made answer in the bitterness of her heart that it was black. Then fell Sir Tristan back on his pillow, stricken to death. When Queen Isole, stepping on shore, heard the bells tolling and the lamentation of troubled crowds, she felt her blood congeal, while her heart cried out, "He is dead, he is dead!" White and tall she entered the chamber, and at her gestures the other woman fled, but she, sinking down by her dead, sat gazing in his face till she died too.

II.

THE partly mythical story of Tristan is apparently a late addition to the Arthurian cycle, and but superficially connected with it by Sir Thomas Mallory in his "*Morte D'Arthur*." But the great fame of this knight made it highly desirable to include him in the order of the

Round Table. Mallory, however, introduces him as a foil to his own hero, Sir Lancelot du Lake, who is the flower of all knighthood, and who on hearing of the "great love between Sir Tristram and Isolt les Blanches Mains," justly exclaims, "Fie upon him, untrue knight to his lady. For of all knights in the world, I loved him most, and had most joy of him, and all was for his noble deeds; but let him wit the love between him and me is done forever." This faithlessness of Sir Tristan's, though only a momentary episode in Mallory, quite spoils the unity of the story. The "drink of might" either forged an indissoluble bond between the pair who partook of it, or becomes a superfluous incident. And why, if Mallory must needs marry the hero in Brittany, did he, in that case, omit the appropriate legendary ending of the black and white sails which is the natural outcome of the situation! His Sir Tristram, stung by Sir Launcelot's reproach, leaves the white-handed Isolt as lightly as he took her, and is shamed into returning to Cornwall, where at last "that false traitor King Mark slew the noble knight Sir Tristram as he sat harping before his lady, La Beale Isolt, with a trenchant glaive; and La Beale Isolt died fawning upon the corpse of Sir Tristram."

In "The Last Tournament," Lord Tennyson has followed pretty faithfully Mallory's account of the closing scenes of Sir Tristram's story. As this poem must be well known to most readers, a few remarks in its general drift will suffice. From the heroic mould in which legend had cast these victims of a fate implanted love, the poet has reduced them to the plaster of Paris proportions of ordinary criminality. With the omission of the love-potion and the simultaneous death of the lovers, the tragic elements of this romance seem to resolve themselves into a case for the divorce court. We must, however, remember that this is but one of a cycle of idylls. The Laureate no doubt had his own reasons for painting illicit love in its most unattractive colors, especially as in "Lancelot and Guinevere" he had already written more loftily of romantic love.

Mr. Matthew Arnold's lovely episode on the same subject might properly be called variations on an old theme. The beginning of this poem shows Tristram, the lately wedded lord of Iseult les Blanche Mains, dying of his wounds at his castle in Brittany. In the ravings of his fever his mind reverts to Iseult of Ireland, and

the poet artistically introduces the love-philter among other visions of his disordered brain. The legendary termination is preserved, but, after the terrible conclusion, the portraiture of the gentle but too modern young widow rambling in the woods with her pretty children, and telling them fairy tales, cannot help striking one as an anti climax.

Mr. Swinburne's "Tristram of Lyons," being rather a series of high-wrought and impassioned lyrical episodes than a narrative poem, properly speaking, can hardly come under discussion in an article necessarily restricted to the tale of Tristram and Iseult. If we may have seemed somewhat severe on our native poets, what shall we say to Karl Immermann's romantic poem? This eminent German poet, a contemporary of Heine, was born at Magdeburg in 1796. Of Catholic tastes and wide culture, he did not limit himself to one walk in literature, but went in for either "tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical," etc., etc. Difficult to say to what category his "Tristan and Isolde" belongs! Immermann seems to have aimed at a combination of the romantic and the playfully humorous, much in the style of Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso." But "quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles" sit rather heavily on his muse, whose fantastic antics lack the Italian's bewitching graces. As the world of myth and legend lies outside the limits of time, the poet naturally enjoys much greater latitude in handling his subject than if it were matter of history. Nevertheless even Fairyland has laws of its own, which cannot be safety violated. When for purposes of local color Miss Kitty, Miss Betty, and Miss Ellinor are introduced as companions of Isolde of Ireland on her voyage to Cornwall; or when in tower-crowned Tintagel such incongruous personages as Lord Triamour, Lord Stonycraft, and Baron Drywater sit down to a dinner of fricassees, entrées, and jellies, all our mythic illusions vanish at a touch. Still, the poem, with all its faults, has much beauty in parts, being distinguished by charming descriptive passages and a rich and delicate vein of fancy. The quaint incident of the swallows will give an idea of this quality in Immermann. Mark and his nephew are looking out of window in the king's castle, and the frolicsome youth is teasing his uncle to enliven the court and gladden his old age by taking a young wife unto himself. At this moment they perceived two

swallows flying from the west, and round the foot of one something shimmered like gold, which the other bird was trying to catch hold of with his beak, and having done so he dropped it upon the lattice close by the king, who took it up gently and found it to be the long, silky, golden hair of a woman. He knew that in all Cornwall there lived not the woman who could have claimed it. So, wishing once for all to stop the young knight's importunities, he told him that if he could bring the maid whose golden hair should match the hair he held he would espouse her, but none other. With what result we know already. Like his great predecessor, Gottfried von Strassburg, Immermann died before he could bring his poem to a conclusion.

In order to adapt the *Tristan* legend to the stage, Wagner had largely to curtail it. He has not only omitted the story of *Tristan's* parents, but that of his own adventurous youth, and the opera opens with the famous scene on board ship. *Isolede* of Ireland chafing bitterly that during the whole of the voyage Sir *Tristan* has studiously avoided her, and, still nursing wrath at his unavenged slaughter of *Morold*, calls on the winds to shake the sea from its slumber and shatter the vessel, which is fast nearing the Cornish coast. In this mood she bids *Brangane* bring her a certain potion which the knight must drink, before landing, to be reconciled to her. What is the attendant's horror to see her pointing to a flask containing poison, seemingly intent on killing both herself and him! To avert this calamity *Brangane*, half distractedly, substitutes the love-drink at the last moment, and the two have no sooner emptied the cup than, calling out "*Tristan!* *Isolede!*" they fall into each other's arms. Lost to all around, they do not heed that they are close on shore, that King *Mark* and his people are waiting to receive them; and it is only when *Brangane* rushes between them with the royal crown and cloak that the princess, recalled to her situation, sinks fainting into her attendant's arms.

The rapidity of the action here does away with that sudden conflict between love and duty which Master *Gottfried* has so admirably portrayed. But for dramatic purposes this abruptness may be desirable. The love-making in "*Romeo and Juliet*" is almost equally rapid; though, according to the old Italian story, the wooing of *Romeo* had continued for months, and it was only when the snow was on the ground that his piteous com-

plaints induced *Juliet* to propose an immediate marriage.

Wagner's second act resembles the moonlight garden scene in the elder German poem, with this difference, that while the lovers yield themselves to transports of delight, King *Mark* bursts upon them accompanied by *Melot*, who, himself enamored of the queen, has betrayed his friend. *Melot*, though bearing the dwarf's name, really corresponds to the knight *Meriadok*. He and *Tristan* fight together, and the latter, being mortally wounded, is conveyed by *Kurwenal* to his castle in Brittany. It will be a shock to connoisseurs in romance that the famous knight should receive a hurt from so obscure an opponent, for the whole merit of these men lay in their invincibility.

In the opening of the third act the half-delirious *Tristan* babbles of nothing but the queen, who has had a message sent her. The sick knight keeps impatiently asking *Kurwenal* whether the expected sail is yet in sight, seeing it in imagination long before the reality becomes visible to his companion. But the latter, hearing the joyous air of the shepherd, a musical signal arranged between them, hurries down to receive the queen. Left alone, the dying man, forgetful of his wounds, rushes forward, and, with the cry "*Isolede!*" on his lips, falls into her arms and expires, gazing at her. As the queen swoons, *Mark*, *Melot*, and *Brangane* appear before the castle walls, and *Kurwenal*, rushing furiously upon them, kills *Melot*, but is himself mortally wounded. After *Isolede* had left the court, *Brangane* had at last confessed to the king the secret of the love-potion, and he, recognizing the fatality which had ruled their lives, was come to renounce all claim to the woman who should never have been his. But it is too late. Deaf to all around, *Isolede* only recovers to sigh her soul out on the corpse of *Tristan*.

The conclusion affixed to *Gottfried's* poem is much in the same character. *Mark*, bitterly lamenting that he had not from the first obeyed the voice in his heart, which told him that *Tristan* and *Isolede* were destined for each other, bears their bodies back with him to Cornwall, and has them buried in the garden where once they had been wont to meet. A vine and a rose-tree having been planted above this grave, the two plants interlace so inextricably that their branches cannot be parted.

As we said in the beginning, Wagner has resolved the complete mediæval ro-

mance into its simplest elements. With him external events are the product of spiritual conditions. The love of Tristan and Isolde is a transcendental passion, reaching beyond time and space — ever tending towards death as the goal of absolute passion where their severed lives, no longer conscious of limitation, shall be "lost, engulfed, to mingle with the living breath of the universal soul."

In the aspiration towards death which pervades Wagner's whole composition — death, that is, as the sole redemption from the evils of life, as the haven and crowning fulfilment of perfect love — the influence which Arthur Schopenhauer's philosophy has exercised on the German composer will doubtless be recognized.

MATHILDE BLIND.

From The Athenaeum.
GEORGE ELIOT'S ESSAYS.*

THESE essays will not add to the reputation of their author. Reprinted chiefly from the *Westminster Review*, it would be difficult to say that they stand prominently above the general average of such essays. Each of the quarterlies has created for itself a type, and these reviews are of the type familiar to us in such writers as the late W. R. Greg. They date from the period before Mr. Matthew Arnold had imported the method of Sainte-Beuve into English criticism, and in consequence they suffer by comparison with later work of a more subtle and artistic character. George Eliot's essays have not sufficient individuality to deserve new life for their own sake; on the other hand, they throw valuable light on certain problems connected with her art, and on this account merit republication.

The collection inevitably raises what must be the chief critical problem in connection with the literary career of George Eliot. How is it, the reader is impelled to ask, that a mind which produced these essays chiefly during the years 1855 and 1856 could have given the "Scenes of Clerical Life" to the world a year later? What was the determining motive which changed the translator of Strauss and Feuerbach and the writer of these essays into the loving creator of Mr. Gilfil, of Bartle Massey, and of Dinah Morris? It is not so much the late flowering of her genius that is noteworthy. The end of

the "thirties" seems the appropriate period for a novelist's *début*. Both Thackeray and Miss Austen were thirty-seven (the same age as George Eliot in 1857) when "Vanity Fair" and "Sense and Sensibility" respectively appeared, Trollope was thirty-nine when "The Warden" was published, and Walter Scott was as old as forty-three when "Waverley" first delighted the world. But all these had given indication in one way or another of their powers, and had certainly not given indication of ability of quite a different calibre and in quite an opposite tendency of mind; whereas George Eliot up to her first appearance as a novelist had shown marked capacity for abstract thought, the very antithesis of the concrete imagination essential for the novelist.

Up to the age of thirty-seven what do we find in George Eliot's writings? A vivid appreciation of the course of religious thought, a considerable power of social generalization, and, above all, a deep interest in the scientific and philosophic speculations of her time. If any one had ventured a prophecy of her future career, he would surely have anticipated some incursion into the region of religious reconstruction, as was the case with her friend Miss Hennell. He might have foreseen in her another Harriet Martineau, with a deeper ethical basis, but with the same tendency to pure reason. The last thought that would have entered the minds of her most intimate friends up to that date would have been that Marian Evans would revive in the enduring form of art the reminiscences of her early days, which she seemed to have left so far behind her.

Certainly the essays before us indicated no such future. One of them, indeed, dealing with the "Natural History of German Life," proves that George Eliot had observed as closely the English peasant as her author Riehl had studied the German species. Take the following picture: —

Observe a company of haymakers. When you see them at a distance, tossing up the forkfuls of hay in the golden light, while the wagon creeps slowly with its increasing burthen over the meadow, and the bright green space which tells of work done gets larger and larger, you pronounce the scene "smiling," and you think these companions in labor must be as bright and cheerful as the picture to which they give animation. Approach nearer, and you will certainly find that haymaking-time is a time for joking, especially if there are women among the laborers; but the coarse laugh that bursts out every now and then, and expresses the

* Essays. By George Eliot. Blackwood & Sons.

triumphant taunt, is as far as possible from your conception of idyllic merriment. That delicious effervescence of the mind which we call fun, has no equivalent for the northern peasant, except tipsy revelry; the only realm of fancy and imagination for the English clown exists at the bottom of the third quart-pot.

This passage certainly shows observation, but for all one can tell it may merely be the scientific observation of the psychologist, not the sympathetic reproduction of the artist. As yet it lacks the concretizing touch. Similarly, when the writer goes on to remark,—

It is quite true that a thresher is likely to be innocent of any adroit arithmetical cheating, but he is not the less likely to carry home his master's corn in his shoes and pocket,

we have no warranty that this could be expanded into the Ben Tholoway of "Adam Bede." And even when George Eliot notices the custom of distinguishing cousins by referring them to their father's name, we cannot deduce the figure of Timothy's Bess's Ben in the same novel. Observation is, indeed, needed for the novel, but some kinds of observation are destructive of all individualizing. Tell a painter to observe his hand as he paints, and the result will be disastrous. Similarly, if a writer consciously notices the processes which make up his creations, they are doomed as artistic presentations. Observation must have become unconscious and ingrained in the artist's mind before it can aid in giving the realistic details of the novel.

And further, the novelist requires something more than keen observation of the workings of human nature; this is useless without the power and the love of story-telling. Nothing in these essays, nothing in the impression George Eliot made on her friends, indicated her possession of the faculty that builds up incident and character into a story. To the last she was somewhat deficient in this, as is shown by the fact that she displays none of the worker's joy in her own production. To tell a story requires that one should have lived a story. And it was probably the exceptional nature of her relations with George Henry Lewes, which commenced in 1854, that brought about the change in George Eliot which we have been attempting to point out. Without going into the merits of the case, for which there are at present no trustworthy data, it is clear that to George Eliot the anti-social attitude which circumstances caused her to take up brought a complete

revolution in her whole moral being, which was shaken to the depths. The modern novel is one of problem, not of action, and her own problematic position rendered her the more sensitive to the artistic side of this form of the novel.

These remarks may serve to illustrate a remarkable passage in the same essay from which the previous quotations were taken. George Eliot's theory of the function of the novel is there given, as well as her view of Dickens's art, which was developed by George Henry Lewes in the *Fortnightly Review* after Dickens's death. The whole passage deserves quotation:—

The greatest benefit we owe to the artist, whether painter, poet, or novelist, is the extension of our sympathies. Appeals founded on generalizations and statistics require a sympathy ready-made, a moral sentiment already in activity; but a picture of human life such as a great artist can give, surprises even the trivial and the selfish into that attention to what is apart from themselves, which may be called the raw material of moral sentiment. When Scott takes us into Luckie Mucklebackit's cottage, or tells the story of "The Two Drovers,"—when Wordsworth sings to us the reverie of "Poor Susan,"—when Kingsley shows us Alton Locke gazing yearningly over the gate which leads from the highway into the first wood he ever saw,—when Hornung paints a group of chimney-sweepers,—more is done towards linking the higher classes with the lower, towards obliterating the vulgarity of exclusiveness, than by hundreds of sermons and philosophical dissertations. Art is the nearest thing to life; it is a mode of amplifying experience and extending our contact with our fellow-men beyond the bounds of our personal lot. All the more sacred is the task of the artist when he undertakes to paint the life of the People. Falsification here is far more pernicious than in the more artificial aspects of life. It is not so very serious that we should have false ideas about evanescent fashions—about the manners and conversation of beaux and duchesses; but it is serious that our sympathy with the perennial joys and struggles, the toil, the tragedy, and the humor in the life of our more heavily laden fellow-men, should be perverted, and turned towards a false object instead of the true one. This perversion is not the less fatal because the misrepresentation which gives rise to it has what the artist considers a moral end. The thing for mankind to know is, not what are the motives and influences which the moralist thinks *ought* to act on the laborer or the artisan, but what are the motives and influences which *do* act on him. We want to be taught to feel, not for the heroic artisan or the sentimental peasant, but for the peasant in all his coarse apathy, and the artisan in all his suspicious selfishness. We have one great novelist who is gifted with the utmost power of rendering the external

traits of our town population; and if he could give us their psychological character—their conceptions of life, and their emotions—with the same truth as their idiom and manners, his books would be the greatest contribution Art has ever made to the awakening of social sympathies. But while he can copy Mrs. Flornish's colloquial style with the delicate accuracy of a sun-picture, while there is the same startling inspiration in his description of the gestures and phrases of "Boots," as in the speeches of Shakespeare's mobs or numskulls, he scarcely ever passes from the humorous and external to the emotional and tragic, without becoming as transcendent in his unreality as he was a moment before in his artistic truthfulness. But for the precious salt of his humor, which compels him to reproduce external traits that serve, in some degree, as a corrective to his frequently false psychology, his preternaturally virtuous poor children and artisans, his melodramatic boatmen and courtesans, would be as noxious as Eugène Sue's idealized proletaires in encouraging the miserable fallacy that high morality and refined sentiment can grow out of harsh social relations, ignorance, and want; or that the working classes are in a condition to enter at once into a millennial state of *altruism*, wherein every one is caring for every one else, and no one for himself.

The frequent reference to psychology in this passage is significant, and indicates the dangerous tendency in George Eliot's own art which led to the psychological strain in "Middlemarch" and "Daniel Deronda," and finally resulted in the psychological scarecrows of "Theophrastus Such." To the novelist "the curtain is the picture," and if he turns to the psychologist to analyze the painting, only the canvas and frame remain intact. There is too great a tendency for the psychological novelist to regard his characters as so many *corpora vilia* for his scientific theories. Luckily for George Eliot her interests were ethical rather than psychological, and if she ever does violence to art, it is in the interest of morality rather than of science.

And this leads us to discuss for a moment the need of culture for the novelist. Obviously intellectual training is not alone sufficient. George Henry Lewes was exactly on a par with George Eliot in this regard, yet his "Ranthorpe" was deservedly a failure. Nor is culture combined with observation a complete equipment for the novelist. Riehl is allowed by George Eliot herself to have had a complete knowledge of the German peasant, and was besides a man of great culture; yet his "Culturgeschichtliche Novellen," just published by the Pitt Press, can scarcely rank as classic. On the other

hand, Auerbach and George Eliot show that wide culture is no necessary bar to sympathetic delineation of the life furthest removed from culture. In so far as culture is real and has become instinctive and unconscious, it undoubtedly tends to give a wider background to the artistic picture and to affect us at more various points of contact. But observation, psychology, and culture can only increase the artistic value of the novel in so far as they are unconsciously applied and subordinated to the interest of character and incident. The selective principle with regard to the latter cannot be of an intellectual, conscious kind at all: it must clearly be of an emotional nature akin to the moral faculty.

It is at this point that we touch the secret spring of George Eliot's art; her whole work is imbued with ethical notions. The novel is, no less than the poem, a criticism of life; and the remarkable influence of George Eliot's novels has been mainly due to the consistent application of moral ideas to the problems set by each novel. Their stimulative effect was due to the fact that her ethical views were in consonance with some of the most advanced ideas of the age. The three chief principles which dominated her thinking were the reign of law in human affairs, the solidarity of society, and the constitution of society as incarnate history (the phrase is Riehl's). Flowing from these were the ethical laws which rule the world of her novels, the principle summed up in Novalis's words, "Character is fate," the radiation of good and evil deeds throughout society, and the supreme claims of family or race. Add to these the scientific tone of impartiality, with its moral analogue, the extension of sympathy to all, and we have exhausted the *idées mères* of George Eliot's ethical system, which differentiates her novels from all others of the age.

These general remarks on George Eliot's art have been suggested by the essay on Riehl's studies of the natural history of German life, in which the author gives at once her theory of the function of the novelist and her general agreement with Riehl on the psychology of the peasants who were to form the main subjects of her novels. The other essays in this volume are similarly interesting, owing to the light they throw on her religious views. Two of them—on the poet Young and on Dr. Cumming—deal with the chief moral defects she had found in the

religion in which she had been brought up. In the former she deals with the divine policeman theory of virtue, which was so favored by Voltaire and was the chief argument formerly used to defend the immortality of the soul. It is impossible to mistake the personal tone of the following protest against this theory:—

We can imagine the man who "denies his soul immortal," replying, "It is quite possible that *you* would be a knave, and love yourself alone, if it were not for your belief in immortality; but you are not to force upon me what would result from your own utter want of moral emotion. I am just and honest, not because I expect to live in another world, but because, having felt the pain of injustice and dishonesty towards myself, I have a fellow-feeling with other men, who would suffer the same pain if I were unjust or dishonest towards them. Why should I give my neighbor short weight in this world, because there is not another world in which I should have nothing to weigh out to him? I am honest, because I don't like to inflict evil on others in this life, not because I'm afraid of evil to myself in another. The fact is, I do *not* love myself alone, whatever logical necessity there may be for that conclusion in your mind. I have a tender love for my wife, and children, and friends, and through that love I sympathize with like affections in other men. It is a pang to me to witness the suffering of a fellow-being, and I feel his suffering the more acutely because he is *mortal*—because his life is so short, and I would have it, if possible, filled with happiness and not misery. Through my union and fellowship with the men and women I *have seen*, I feel a like, though a fainter, sympathy with those I *have not seen*; and I am able so to live in imagination with the generations to come, that their good is not alien to me, and is a stimulus to me to labor for ends which may not benefit myself, but will benefit them. It is possible that you might prefer to 'live the brute,' to sell your country, or to slay your father, if you were not afraid of some disagreeable consequences from the criminal laws of another world; but even if I could conceive no motive but my own worldly interest or the gratification of my animal desires, I have not observed that beastliness, treachery, and parricide, are the direct way to happiness and comfort on earth."

Again in the scathing review of Dr. Cumming's sermons, George Eliot protests with equal energy against the older Evangelical teaching that all virtue is useless unless done *ad maiorem Dei gloriam* (p. 192). We thus see that it was disagreement with the ethical foundations of the current theology of her time which caused her revolt from it. Again, the chief interest of a somewhat unsympathetic review of Mr. Lecky's "History of Rationalism" consists in a passage at the

end, in which she calls attention to "the supremely important fact" that science had brought about a conception of the orderly action of law on human nature, a conception which, as has been seen, dominated her whole thought.

The only paper of purely literary interest in this volume is one on Heine, which is for the most part made up of translations of autobiographic fragments. It contains, indeed, an elaborate contrast of wit and humor, which is hardly more successful than the many other attempts in the same direction, and an antithesis of French wit and German humor, which is merely an expansion of a popular prejudice. One fine illustration redeems the essay, however; George Eliot gives as a specimen of a Heinesque lyric Wordsworth's "She dwelt among the untrodden ways," the last line of which is exactly in the manner of Heine. For the rest one is surprised at the very ordinary and external character of her criticism. Her mind was clearly constructive, not critical, and it is a fundamental error to suppose that her genius was analytical.

An "Address to Working Men," by Felix Holt, and an account of a three months' stay at Weimar complete the essays. The former repeats at some length the political harangues in the novel. When Mr. Lowe said, "Come, let us educate our new masters," George Eliot, in the character of a working man, said, "Come, let us educate ourselves." Her intensely conservative feeling comes out strongly in her appeals for the preservation of social order; the notion that society is incarnate history was sufficient to condemn with her any sudden alteration in social relations. The chief point of practical advice in the address is, however, the recognition of the need of culture and opportunities for culture by the masses. Of the account of Weimar it is sufficient to say that it might have been written by any English lady of ordinary education.

Attached to these essays are a few "Leaves from a Note-Book" that might very well have been omitted. They are of the period and the type of "Theophrastus Such," and their style is of the same harsh character, as may be judged by the opening sentence:—

To lay down in the shape of practical moral rules courses of conduct only to be made real by the rarest states of motive and disposition, tends not to elevate but to degrade the general standard, by turning that rare attainment from an object of admiration into an impossible prescription, against which the average nature first rebels and then flings out ridicule.

Of course a mind of the power of George Eliot's could not have been occupied with such varied subjects without hitting upon some novel points of view or felicitous phrases. Of the latter we may pick out the reference of Young's faults to a "pedagogic fallacy," akin to Mr. Ruskin's "pathetic fallacy." Again, the following points are well put:—

Virtue, with Young, must always squint—must never look straight towards the immediate object of its emotion and effort. Thus, if a man risks perishing in the snow himself rather than forsake a weaker comrade, he must either do this because his hopes and fears are directed to another world, or because he desires to applaud himself afterwards! Young, if we may believe him, would despise the action as folly unless it had these motives. Let us hope he was not so bad as he pretended to be! The tides of the divine life in man move under the thickest ice of theory.

Love does not say, "I ought to love"—it loves. Pity does not say, "It is right to be pitiful"—it pities. Justice does not say, "I am bound to be just"—it feels justly. It is only where moral emotion is comparatively weak that the contemplation of a rule or theory habitually mingles with its action; and in accordance with this, we think experience, both in literature and life, has shown that the minds which are predominantly didactic, are deficient in sympathetic emotion. A man who is perpetually thinking in monitory apothegms, who has an unintermittent flux of rebuke, can have little energy left for simple feeling.

The deepest curse of wrong-doing, whether of the foolish or wicked sort, is that its effects are difficult to be undone. I suppose there is hardly anything more to be shuddered at than that part of the history of disease which shows how, when a man injures his constitution by a life of vicious excess, his children and grandchildren inherit diseased bodies and minds, and how the effects of that unhappy inheritance continue to spread beyond our calculation. This is only one example of the law by which human lives are linked together: another example of what we complain of when we point to our pauperism, to the brutal ignorance of multitudes among our fellow-countrymen, to the weight of taxation laid on us by blamable wars, to the wasteful channels made for the public money, to the expense and trouble of getting justice, and call these the effects of bad rule. This is the law that we all bear the yoke of, the law of no man's making, and which no man can undo.

But such passages are few and far between, and the general impression is left, how much the hack-work of genius resembles that of ordinary mortals. And though not all signs of genius are wanting, these articles are essentially chips from the workshop, and give no foreshadowing of the finished product. Their in-

terest is purely relative to the light they may throw on George Eliot's mental development.

From All The Year Round.
CLUB GAMBLING IN THE LAST CENTURY.

THE Cocoa-Tree Club in St. James's Street had its origin in a Tory chocolate-house of Queen Anne's days, and assumed the higher form of a club in 1746. Members of Parliament and persons high in life belonged to this club, which, it used to be said, exercised a very important influence on the course of politics. In those days members of Parliament were not always above taking a bribe, and many of the Cocoa-Tree gentlemen were only too easily induced to accept bank-notes for two or three hundred pounds each, when the ministry, hard pushed, were obliged to resort to such a device to obtain support; and the Peace of Fontainebleau is alleged to have cost the government in this way £25,000. Gambling also went on to a fearful extent at the Cocoa-Tree. Horace Walpole relates, in 1780, that a Mr. O'Birne, an Irishman, won £100,000 from a young Mr. Harvey. "You can never pay me," said O'Birne. "I can," replied the young fellow; "my estate will sell for the amount." "No," said the Irishman, "I will take £10,000, and we will throw for the odd ninety." They did, and Harvey won. At most of the fashionable clubs of the last century gaming was carried on in the most reckless manner. In the club book of Almack's there is this note: "Mr. Flynn, having won only twelve thousand guineas during the last two months, retired in disgust March 21st, 1772." To lose £20,000 in one evening was not unusual. Generally, £10,000 in specie lay on the table. A curious account is given of the way these desperate gamblers used to equip themselves for the sport. They took off their embroidered coats, put on frieze garments, protected their lace ruffles with pieces of leather, shaded their eyes with broad-brimmed straw hats adorned with flowers and ribbons, and wore masks "to conceal their emotions!" That suicide was not an unfrequent result of such high play can hardly be wondered at. Lord Mountford, a member of White's, where the gambling was fearful, got so terribly involved that he determined to ask for a government appointment, and, failing that, to take his own life. He did fail, and after asking several

persons what was the easiest mode of dying, invited some friends to dinner on New Year's Day, having supped the evening before at White's, where he played at whist until one o'clock in the morning. A fellow member drinking to him a happy new year, "he clapped his hand strangely to his eyes." In the morning he sent for a lawyer and three witnesses, made his will with great deliberation, and then asked the lawyer if it would stand good though he were to shoot himself. The answer being yes, he said, "Pray stay while I step into the next room," and then, retiring, shot himself dead. According to Walpole, three brothers, members of White's, contracted a gambling debt of £70,000, while Lord Foley's two sons had to borrow money to such an enormous extent that the interest alone amounted to £18,000 a year. The same vivacious chronicler of the manners of his times gives an almost incredible account of Fox's love of play and dissipation. In the debate on the Thirty-nine Articles, on February 6, 1772, he spoke very indifferently, which, Walpole says, was not surprising under the circumstances. "He had sat up playing hazard at Almack's from Tuesday evening, the 4th, till five in the afternoon of the following day. An hour before he had won back £12,000 that he had lost, but by dinner time, which was at five o'clock, when play ended, he had lost £12,000. On the Thursday he spoke in the above debate; went to dinner at past eleven at night; from thence to White's, where he drank till seven the next morning; thence to Almack's, where he won £6,000; and, between three and four in the afternoon, he set out for Newmarket. His brother Stephen lost £11,000 two nights after, and Charles £10,000 more on the 13th; so that, in three nights, the three brothers, the eldest not twenty-five, lost £32,000." Captain Gronow relates that, about this time, Lord Robert Spencer and General Fitzpatrick were allowed to keep a faro bank at Brookes's, and that the former bagged, as his share of the proceeds, £100,000; after which he never again gambled. George Harley Drummond, the banker, only played once in his life, when he lost £20,000 to Brummell, and was obliged to retire from the firm. In the first half of the eighteenth century, ladies of title kept gambling-houses. An entry in the journals of the House of Lords, dated April 29, 1745, shows that Ladies Mornington and Cassilis claimed privilege of peerage in resisting certain peace officers in doing their duty, "in

suppressing the public gaming-houses kept by the said ladies;" but the claim was not allowed. Betting, also, was indulged in at the clubs with as much frantic zest as play. Anything served as an excuse, and sometimes the occasion of the bets were so shocking that men of the least decency would have shrunk from associating them with any form of amusement. A man dropped down at the door of White's, and was carried into the house; immediately the betting harpies were staking large sums on the question whether he was dead or not; and when it was proposed to bleed him, those who had taken odds that life was extinct protested against such a course, on the ground that it would affect the fairness of the bet. Bad as this was, there was a worse case still, for which Walpole is again the authority. If true—though one would fain believe it an invention—it is sufficient to leave a stain of murder on the very name of White's. A youth betted £1,500 that a man could live twelve hours under water. He accordingly hired some poor wretch, probably in a most desperate plight, and sank him in a ship. Both ship and man disappeared, and were never heard of more. Walpole adds that these miscreants actually proposed to make the experiment a second time. It is a singular fact that Lord Mountford, whose suicide we have just related, betted Sir John Bland that Beau Nash would outlive Colley Cibber, and that both the persons, the subjects of the bet, survived the bettors, and that Bland, as well as Mountford, died by his own act.

From *St. James's Gazette*.

TEA: ITS CULTURE AND CONSUMPTION.

THE progress of tea-culture in Assam, and in various other localities beyond the limits of China proper, within the last half-century is of sufficient interest from many points of view to deserve notice. In Java, in Burma, and in our own eastern possessions from Ceylon to Singapore and Perak in the Malay peninsula, tea-culture is full of promise. The result affords a curious commentary on the fallibility of specialists prone to claim the authority of experts for their judgments. One of these, in the latest edition of McCulloch's "Commercial Dictionary," a work of great repute, says that, "notwithstanding the command of comparatively cheap labor and a close resemblance of the hills and table-lands of Assam to the

TEA: ITS CULTURE AND CONSUMPTION.

tea districts in China," he is not sanguine as to the result. For this expression of doubt there might have been some show of reason thirty years ago, when Mr. Fortune's first experiments in the introduction of the tea-plant to Assam were incomplete; but it is quite misleading now, when by the latest returns we see that, while the estimated amount of tea imported from China was 114,955,000 pounds, from India we received 59,097,000 pounds, or thirty-four per cent. This great progress may well have exceeded all early anticipations. The importation of tea from Assam in 1874 stood at 17,730,000 pounds. In 1878 it had increased to 36,776,000 pounds, and in 1880 to 43,807,000 pounds.

But not Indian tea alone competes with the Chinese in the English market; by so much, rendering the tea-consumers here independent of Chinese produce. The experiments made in Ceylon have proved eminently successful, and the produce is reported not inferior to the superior qualities of China. In like manner the Java tea receives high praise. The competition, therefore, with China is becoming year by year more keen; and the prices now paid for the more common kinds will ere long raise a complaint of excessive charges for duty, which, at its present rate of sixpence per pound, does not fall far short of the cent.-per-cent. rate of fifty years ago when the duty fluctuated from two shillings to one shilling per pound.

With the decrease in the consumption of Chinese tea, and the great diminution of our imports of silk (from about seventy thousand pounds to the twenty-seven thousand pounds of 1883) the balance of trade is likely to be seriously affected, and the commercial relations of the two countries to be modified quite irrespective of existing treaties. In the mean while the return of the imperial customs revenue for a series of years shows a more cheerful aspect. There is so far no falling-off in the customs revenue from foreign trade. In the ten years from 1870 to 1880 there has upon the whole been a steady increase, from 9,543,977 to 14,258,583 haekwan taels (5s. 8*1/2*d.) in 1880. And the returns of the annual value of the foreign trade of China for the same period rose from H.Tls. 118,988,134 in 1870 to H.Tls. 157,177,039 in 1880; and this by a fairly steady increase year by year, though with fluctuations at intervals. According to Mr. Drew, however, the statistical secretary of the imperial customs, whose report for the year 1882 is both instructive and suggestive, the foreign trade of that year

dropped from H.Tls. 163,000,000 to H.Tls. 145,000,000 — the lowest total since 1878, when it was H.Tls. 138,000,000. And he adds that "in all the leading commodities trade has been very dull and unprofitable both for Chinese and foreign merchants. Indian opium has felt, perhaps, more severely than ever before the influence of the native crop. Cottons and woollens have been lying under the cloud of an unusually small demand, notwithstanding that prices in China, owing to falling prices in England, reached a very low point; while China's great native products of silk and tea have drooped to low prices in Europe, and suffering, the former from competition with Japan and the latter from competition with Japan and Assam, have met with both smaller and less profitable sales than in ordinary years."

The chief consumers of Chinese tea are still the British, the Americans of the United States, and the Russians. But in America it is chiefly green tea that is in request, as black is with us. The history of the growth of this taste in England is very remarkable. The East India Company sent out their first order to their factors in 1664 for one hundred pounds, after having offered two pounds of tea as a present to the king. But in 1660 Mr. Pepys tells us he went to take a cup of the "new Chinese drink — tea." From 1741 to 1745 the importation did not exceed 768,420 pounds; during the next five years it increased to 2,360,000 pounds, valued at £318,080. In that year a duty of 4*s*. per pound and an excise of 2*s*. were levied. The fluctuations in duty since that period have been great; and there is nothing more obvious than the increase or decrease of sale as the duties and charges were lowered or raised, until at last a fixed customs duty of 6*d*. per pound has been reached. Yet so much has the cost of tea in China fallen, that this reduced rate on all the more common classes of tea is even now little short of one hundred per cent. What the effect of lowering this by one-half would be can hardly be doubted. A greatly increased demand, and a higher class of tea would probably come into general use; and this with no serious loss to the revenue: perhaps. That, however, would be a serious question for the chancellor of the exchequer. The quantity of tea now consumed per head on the whole population of the British Isles does not amount to more than three and one-half pounds per annum; which seems to leave a large margin for increase.